THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXXVII—No. 1130

JULY 29, 1925

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

LONDON'S AL FRESCO NIGHT-LIFE — DOUBLE-PAGE IN COLOUR

The BYSTANDER

Spinet

The SUPER CIGARETTE

Finest Golden Virginia, Ovals, Cork-Tipped

20 for 1/6

Also 50's & 100's

The Pipe Tobacco de Luxe

Spinet The SUPER Mixture

2/2 per 2oz.

in enamelled pocket tins

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE

Special Cuvée

By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

DEAFNESS DEFEATED

WEMBLEY Bay 6 Ave. 7 Palace of Housing Near Kelvin & Faraday Gates.

No matter the cause, extent or duration of your case YOU CAN HEAR to-day and always the NEW simple, natural, inconspicuous Ardente-Acoustique way. Used by deaf Doctors, Society leaders and recommended by eminent Aurists. Hands free. Whispers distinct. Personal Demonstrations Daily.

NO CONSULTATION FEE.

MR. H. DENT'S ARDENTE ACOUSTIQUE

For deaf ear needs "ARDENTE-ACOUSTIQUE" leads.

No. 1, Ardente House, 95, WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1 (Back of Selfridges). Mayfair 1380.

CARDIFF. MANCHESTER. GLASGOW

SEE THE "DRI-PED" PURPLE DIAMOND STAMPED EVERY FEW INCHES ON EACH SOLE.

DRI-PED SOLED FOOTWEAR

Stylish yet Durable THE SUPER LEATHER DRI-PED FOR SOLES *Absolutely Waterproof.*

HAVE THE SHOES YOU ARE NOW WEARING REPAIRED WITH "DRI-PED."

ST. MORITZ

ENGADINE, SWITZERLAND.

GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS 18-HOLES LINKS

International Lawn Tennis Matches.

Roads open to Motor Cars.

LEADING HOTELS WITH GARAGES.

The Kulm Hotels
•
The Grand Hotel
•
The Suvretta
•
The Palace
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The Carlton

STATE EXPRESS

NUMBER 555 VIRGINIA

CIGARETTES

Ardath Tobacco Co., Ltd., London.

25 for 2/-

PRICE ONE SHILLING; By Inland Post, 1s. 1½d OFFICES—LONDON: Tallis St., E.C.4. PARIS: 35 Rue Lafayette. ROTTERDAM: West Zeedijk 48E.

AEROGEN

(Petrol Air Safety Gas)

Lighting—Heating—Cooking—Pumping for Country Houses

ONE simple Aerogen Safety System provides all the above labour-saving conveniences the town dweller derives from the use of ordinary coal gas.

NON-EXPLOSIVE AND NON-POISONOUS GAS.

The **AEROGEN** Plant is unique by reason of the EVEN gas mixture of High Heating Value which it produces.

We also specialise in electrically controlled automatic generators for Cooking and Heating only.

Because of its long life, its absolute safety, reliability and remarkable simplicity, the "Aerogen" is a *solid* proposition.

Many similar systems have already been scrapped in favour of the "Aerogen," which *is* in fact efficient, and much cheaper to run and maintain.

With an *unbroken* history of 44 years, the "Aerogen" has to its credit a successful record and the recommendation of Architects, Country-House Engineers, and thousands of satisfied users all over the world.

AEROGEN
The High Water Mark of "Efficiency"

ESTIMATES FREE

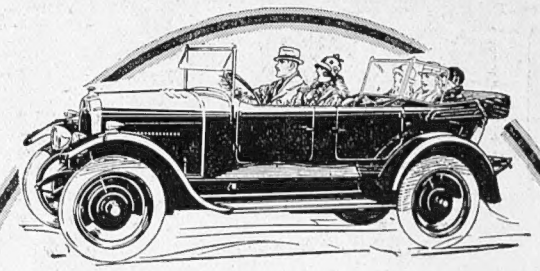
Also at
EDINBURGH.

Guaranteed for 5 years.

THE AEROGEN Co., LTD.

30-32 BOLSOVER STREET, LONDON, W.1

(7 minutes from Oxford Circus—1 minute from Gt. Portland Street Station)



Crossley 14

(R.A.C. Rating 15.6)

THE performance of the Crossley 14 always astonishes those who try it for the first time. Easily exceeds 50 m.p.h. Climbs any ordinary hill on "top." Smooth, silent running at all speeds. Petrol consumption at least 30 m.p.g.

Ample room for five. Clean, distinctive body lines. Complete equipment.

PRICES:

Five-Seater Touring Car	**£395**
Saloon (four doors) ..	**£560**
Landaulette..	**£580**

Four-wheel brakes included.

£395

Including four-wheel brakes, rear screen, luggage carrier, clock, etc., etc.

OTHER MODELS

Ask also for details of the 19'6 h.p. and 20/70 h.p. models, cars of unique performance and refinement.

Details from
CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD.
Manchester, and 40-41 Conduit St. London, W1

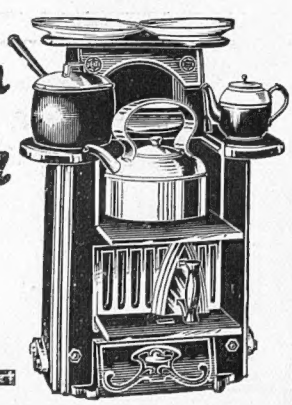
The "Great" boiler for the "Small" house

The "Domestikatum" stands alone—it is the pioneer of open grate Hot Water Supply boilers, and the *only* one with the *absolutely* open fire. It must not be confused with other "Domestic" boilers now sold, as it is unique in design, and possesses advantages which no other boiler can give.

It provides constant hot water for baths and household use, gives a cheerful fire in the kitchen, and meets practically all cooking requirements excepting oven baking.

Price £7 15 0.

The Domestikatum Boiler



Write for full informative leaflet, telling you all about this boiler.

JONES & ATTWOOD LTD.,
"Titan Boiler Works"
STOURBRIDGE.

FURNITURE AND WORKS OF ART

Modern and Antique, for immediate disposal,

by order of trustees, removed from Cavendish Square, W., Buckingham Palace Mansions and Maidenhead, also remaining items from "Pantia Ralli" collection, the late Rt. Hon. Lord Mount-Stephen, G.C.V.O., and the Agnew Collections. The whole of these magnificent goods to be disposed of regardless of original cost. EVERY DAY 9 TILL 7, INCLUDING THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS. Any item may be selected now and held for delivery till required or delivered Town, Country or Abroad.

DINING-ROOMS, RECEPTION-ROOMS and LIBRARIES in styles of Adam, Hepplewhite, Chippendale and Sheraton. Complete sets ranging from 15 guineas up to 1,000 guineas. Special attention is called to a very beautiful set in rich dark mahogany of Queen Anne style, comprising sideboard, extending oval dining-table on shaped legs, and a complete set of dining chairs with carving chairs to match, the whole set being offered at £37, and another complete set of exquisite make of Sheraton style offered at £45. Complete reception-room sets, including Oak Dresser, extending table, and complete set of chairs for 15 guineas. Chesterfield settee with two large Lounge Easy Chairs covered Crocodile grain, with loose cushions, 27 guineas. Collection of Old Oak in Elizabethan, James, Charles II., including old Court cupboards, dressers, refectory, and other tables, chairs, stools, old armour, and sporting trophies.

122 BEDROOMS and DRESSING-ROOMS, including old four-post beds, tallboy, and other chests, also complete modern suites of excellent make and design. Carved walnut and gilt, black and gold lacquer of Chinese style. Richly painted satinwood, French lacquered, etc., ranging from 10 guineas up to 700 guineas.

Special attention is directed to several sets of exquisite design and finish, comprising roomy wardrobes, dressing chests, washing stands and chests, chairs, etc. A complete bedroom suite in Old English style offered at 17 guineas. Complete sets in Chippendale and Sheraton style at 18 guineas, and also sets in figured Walnut of Queen Anne and William and Mary design from 27 guineas. Collection of Old Oak Bedroom effects, including Elizabethan style four-post bed, Cupboards and Old Oak Chests. Many fine old pieces worth the attention of connoisseurs.

DRAWING-ROOMS in English and Continental styles, including some choice specimens of painted satinwood, Walnut and Gilt, Black and Red Chinese lacquer. A magnificent Louis XVI set, covered real hand-made Aubusson Tapestries, being offered at 85 guineas (cost over treble).

LARGE LOUNGE SETTEES and EASY CHAIRS of exceptionally fine make, most having loose down cushion seats and backs, and covered in choice silk velvets, tapestries, and art linen, ranging in price from settees 3 guineas each up to 35 guineas, and easy chairs 45s. each up to 20 guineas.

PIANOFORTES, Baby Grand and Upright, from 10 guineas.

CARPETS, Persian, Turkey, Indian, and English Axminster.

Complete canteens containing cutlery, by Mappin and Webb, and other eminent makers, from £4 4s.; fine cut-glass and other table services; silver-plate, tea and dinner services, grandfather and bracket chiming clocks, iron safes, quantity of bed and table linen.

BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT
H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN

COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (P.) NOW READY. MAY BE HAD FREE ON APPLICATION.

FURNITURE & FINE ART DEPOSITORIES LTD.,
(By Royal Appointment to H.M. The King of Spain).
PARK ST., UPPER ST., ISLINGTON, LONDON, N. 1.

Train fares and cab fares allowed to all customers.
'Buses 144a, 43a & 43f, 10, 143a, 4a and 30 pass our door.

IMPORTANT NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN THE SLEEVE-VALVE ENGINE.

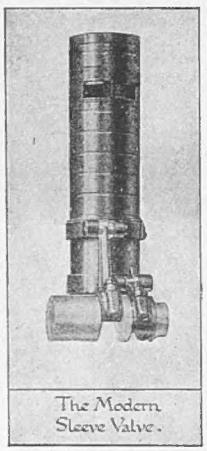
WONDERFUL POWER WITH SILENCE AND ECONOMY FROM SMALL MOTORS

Daimlers now rank first for perfect all-round road performance.

NEW DAIMLER 16/55. The Leading Light 6-Cylinder Car.

So phenomenal is the improvement represented by the new Daimler 16/55 and the other six-cylinder models of this series that they have become the most talked-of cars of the moment. For 17 years supreme in smoothness and silence, the Daimler must now also be ranked first in acceleration, hill climbing, and speed. In combining so perfectly qualities hitherto so dissociated the new Daimlers have established a standard of all-round road performance that is as great an advance as was the introduction of the sleeve-valve engine itself.

Among the new technical features of interest in these cars, chief place must be given to the use of *steel sleeves*. Their extreme lightness and great port area enable them to sustain high power with perfect balance at speeds up to 4,000 revolutions per minute (65 m.p.h. on the 16/55). The central ignition plugs in the pocketless combustion chambers (which promote smooth running and give freedom from knocking) are connected to a magneto as well as to a coil, either of which can be brought into use, by means of a switch, without stopping the engine. The timing of the ignition is automatically regulated by a governor which simplifies correct driving. The lubrication is arranged on the most approved system of forced feed, and baffle plates are used in order to make the new engines smokeless.



The Modern Sleeve Valve.

Chassis £490

The new Daimlers have created new motoring ideals. In all matters pertaining to economy of maintenance they are the cheapest. In this connection let it be remembered that the sleeve valve is *the only type of engine in the world that actually improves with use.*

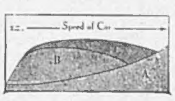
To drivers, the new Daimlers are a revelation in ease, comfort, and speed. Light steering, light action clutch, and gears that are easy to change but seldom need changing. Four-wheel brakes that give absolute security and are always in perfect order because their adjustment is so readily accomplished by turning a handle that is accessible under the bonnet. To passengers, they are ideal as the only cars in which long journeys can be made quickly without fatigue.

If you can afford a new car, you cannot afford to go without a new Daimler for there is nothing equal to them on the market to-day. The 16/55 is the supreme light six-cylinder car and is, in all but accommodation, the equal of the 20/70, which is better than all other cars in the "Twenty" class. The 25/85, for all ordinary purposes, is equal to the previous 35 hp. and costs £200 less. The new 35/120 is a car unique; something that is only for those to whom the finest cars of yesterday are no longer good enough. It is not only in the first rank, but supreme among the best.

Demonstration is better than argument. A trial run will be arranged to suit your convenience.

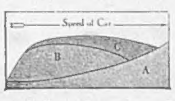
Rating	-	16/55	20/70	25/85	35/120	-	Rating
Chassis	-	£490	£625	£725	£1100	-	Price

N.B.—A most attractive new design of inexpensive closed body has been developed for use with these Chassis.



The area C represents the improvement in the new Daimlers.

THE Daimler CO., LTD., COVENTRY



A full explanation of this diagram is in the Catalogue.

J.A.—422

Hairdressing Artistry

THERE are vital considerations which distinguish the woman whose hair has been dressed by an artist in his craft.

The Hairdressers of the Phyllis Earle Salons are of European repute because they uphold the best traditions of their artistry, combining with their supreme skill a regard for the client's comfort.

	£	s.	d.
Shampoo		2	0
Cut, Singe and Shampoo		3	6
Waving		2	0
Water Waving Naturally Wavy or Permanently Waved Head		3	6
Shampoo and Water Wave		5	0
Shampoo and Marcel Wave		4	0
Shingling, First time		5	6
Shingling, Subsequently		3	6

PERMANENT WAVING—

	£	s.	d.
(a) *Full Head*	5	5	0
(b) *Shingled Head*	3	3	0
(c) *Side Pieces*	1	5	0

Phyllis Earle Salons

15 NORTH AUDLEY STREET,
LONDON, W.1
(Near Selfridge's)
Special appointment 'Phone Mayfair 3798

North for "The Twelfth"
by the Shortest & Quickest Route

GO to Scotland by the East Coast Expresses from King's Cross, the shortest and quickest route to Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth and Inverness.

Restaurant, Pullman and Sleeping Car Trains travel each day through country richer in charming scenery and historical associations than any other between England and Scotland.

All Sleeping Cars are suspended on vibrationless articulated bogies.

You are advised to book accommodation early on the express you select, as the demand for seats becomes great as "The Twelfth" approaches.

King's Cross to Scotland
by East Coast Expresses

Applications for accommodation and full particulars should be made as early as possible to Passenger Manager, L.N.E.R., King's Cross Station, London N.1, or at any L.N.E.R. Ticket Office

L·N·E·R

HERE ARE LACES OF SUBSTANCE

WHILST weight is no guarantee of quality in a boot or shoe lace, it at least indicates substance, and convincing proof of the material we put into Paton's "33" Laces is provided by comparing them, weight for weight, with any others. Generally you will find one "33" the weight of two others.

In all, over a quarter mile of the highest grade thread is used in every pair. There are several hundred strands to a lace, and these, to ensure the greatest possible strength, are plaited, not woven. The tags are also fast (guaranteed) and the colours smart and permanent.

If still further emphasis be required to convince you Paton's "33" Laces are best, it may be mentioned that they easily last the life of good shoes.

Ladies' or Gents' Boot, Tubular or Flat Shoe, Black or Tan, everywhere, 4d. per pair. If difficulty in obtaining, write direct to mills, enclosing 4d., 8d., or 1/- for 1, 2, or 3 pairs, as desired. State colour, and whether boot or shoe.

WILLIAM PATON, LIMITED,
Johnstone Mills, Johnstone,
SCOTLAND.

PATON'S "33" LACES

See the band on every pair. Φ1

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

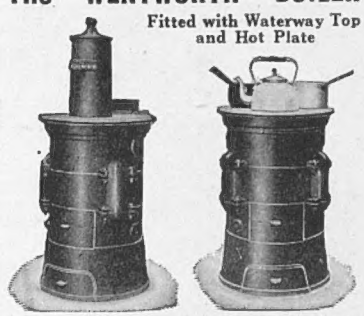
RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner

In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

The "WENTWORTH" BOILER

Fitted with Waterway Top and Hot Plate



Boiler fitted with removable Top Feeder for keeping in all night.

Boiler with Top Feeder removed and plug inserted for use in cooking and boiling.

For GARAGE & GREENHOUSE HEATING
(As particulars below.)

This Boiler is suitable for Central Heating and providing Hot Water for Domestic Purposes. The top of Boiler is fitted with a Hot Plate, or Hob, which is very effective for boiling and simple cooking operations.

Size of Boiler	Capacity in 4in. Pipes Lineal ft.	Tapping	Diam. of Smoke Pipe	Price exclusive of Smoke Pipe
No. 4 16in. x 12in.	170	1¼in.	5in.	£5 14 4
,, 5 16in. x 18in.	190	1¼in.	5in.	£7 3 2
,, 6 16in. x 24in.	220	1¼in.	5in.	£8 13 9
,, 7 16in. x 30in.	250	1¼in.	5in.	£10 5 3

GREENHOUSE	ft.	ft.	ft.	GARAGE	ft.	ft.	ft.
No. 4 Boiler,	12	x 44	x 8	No. 4 Boiler,	35	x 40	x 10
,, 5 ,,	12	x 48	x 8	,, 5 ,,	40	x 40	x 10
,, 6 ,,	12	x 56	x 8	,, 6 ,,	40	x 45	x 10
,, 7 ,,	12	x 64	x 8	,, 7 ,,	45	x 45	x 10

Or same cubical contents.

NEWTON CHAMBERS & CO. LTD
THORNCLIFFE IRON WORKS, near SHEFFIELD.
Telegrams: "Newton, Sheffield." Estab. 1793. *Telephone: Ecclesfield 71 & 72.*

Now for a "Kodak" holiday!

The pleasant things we do and see, that mean so much to you and me; the summer and the hours of joy it brings to every girl and boy; the holidays and week-ends too—those spells of freedom all too few; the friends who share these carefree days and understand our "little ways"; the river parties, picnics, walks, the golf, the tennis, teas and talks—they'll all stay with us if we'll let them. Take a Kodak—don't forget them!

A friend, a memory and a pastime — a "Kodak"

Ask your nearest Kodak dealer to show you the latest models.

Kodak Ltd, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

For successful holiday snapshots use

Kodak Film

Kodak Film is unequalled in speed; it allows the greatest latitude for error in exposure, and it is always reliable—it never "lets you down."

When you buy film for your camera, ask for Kodak Film — the dependable Film in the yellow carton.

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS

TRAVELLER

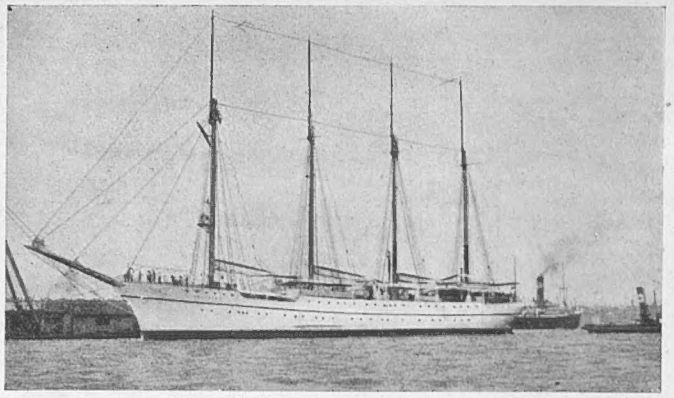
CIGARETTES

made entirely from Virginia Leaf specially selected. Plain or cork tipped as preferred

10 for 8d
20 for 1/4

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

Tx6



A Voyage Around the World

THE luxurious Twin-Screw Motor and Sailing Yacht "WESTWARD" (2,840 tons) leaves Southampton on September 15th.

NOT a hurried sight-seeing tour of the ordinary kind, but a long, leisurely nine months' cruise under sunny skies—a voyage, an expedition that will provide unique and happy memories for a lifetime—a spacious holiday of a kind rarely attainable—incidentally avoiding the gloom and rigours of the English winter.

For Berths available and permit to view vessel write to-day to

PLACES OF CALL

MADEIRA, WEST INDIES—Barbados, St. Lucia, Martinique, Guadeloupe, St. Thomas, Porto Rico, San Domingo, Kingston, Jamaica. PANAMA—Colon, Panama. SOUTH SEA ISLANDS—Malpelo, Galapagos, Marquesas, Tuamotu, Society Isles, Cook Isles, Samoa, Fiji, New Caledonia. AUSTRALIA—Sydney, Thursday Island, Melville Bay. EAST INDIES—Timor, Flores, Surabaya, Batavia. INDIAN OCEAN—Cocos Keeling, Diego Garcia, Seychelles. SUEZ—Aden, Port Said. MEDITERRANEAN—Malta, Marsala, Elba, Marseilles, Gibraltar, Southampton.

Arriving Southampton, June 15, 1926.

WESTWARD NAVIGATION CO.,
47, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
Telephone: Victoria 6454.

Little things that others notice

At Garden Parties or similar functions your frocks and hats are closely observed by other guests. Little spots and stains which have been overlooked in the wardrobe will be noticed by keen eyes under the bright sunshine. But if you have your Summer Wear carefully treated by "Achille Serre" you will know that it is in perfect condition. Every little mark will be removed by experts *after* the ordinary cleaning processes have been completed. Carefully trained hands will smooth out any creases or wrinkles and restore the original freshness and charm of a favourite frock. You can rely upon a quick service at modest charges, and the illustrated Booklet "Milady's Dress," with full list of Branch addresses and abridged price list, will be sent on request.

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office and Works:
Hackney Wick, London, E.9.

O.26 *Branches and Agents Everywhere.*

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

NEW VELOUR HATS

Ground Floor Millinery Department.

Copy of a Georgette Model *in beautiful quality velour. In many good colours. Price* **69/6**

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

David Copperfield entertains the Micawbers.

"Having provided a bottle of LAVENDER WATER, two wax candles, a paper of mixed pins and a pin-cushion to assist Mrs. Micawber in her toilette . . . . . I awaited the result with composure" . . . . . "As to Mrs. Micawber, whether it was the effect . . . . . of the LAVENDER WATER, or the pins, or the wax candles . . . . . she came out of my room comparatively speaking, LOVELY."

POTTER & MOORE'S 1749 MITCHAM LAVENDER WATER

A perfume of distinction which has stood the test of time!

Potter & Moore's 1749 Mitcham Lavender Soap, Bath Crystals, Smelling Salts and Sachets, etc., have also been prepared for those who desire one particular odour to dominate their toilet.

The incomparable charm of Potter & Moore's Mitcham Lavender Water is the same to-day as it was in 1749.

We have every reason to believe that this rejuvenation of Mrs. Micawber was due to POTTER & MOORE'S famous MITCHAM LAVENDER WATER, for our product first appeared on the market in 1749.

Prices:—1/6, 2/6, 4/6, 8/6 and upwards to 45/- per bottle.

All the leading London Stores and Chemists in the United Kingdom stock "1749" Lavender Water, yet should you experience any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write to

POTTER & MOORE, The Lavender Distillery, Mitcham, Surrey.

Announcement of the Proprietors:—W. J. Bush & Co., Ltd., Ash Grove, Hackney, London, E.8.

NEW AUTUMN TEA FROCKS

Charmingly designed and suitable for practically all occasions.

"JOAN"

Useful Tea Frock for young ladies made in rich Lyons chiffon velvet, possessing the long sleeved bodice and new smocked apron skirt which is trimmed fur and ties at back as desired. Bodice lined silk. In all the newest shades and black.

Special Price **£5 19 6**

Outsize 21/- extra.

"NORA"

Popular Tea Frock in good quality crepe de Chine, possessing the long full over bodice and shawl collar, finished at side with self tie. In all colours and black.

59/6

Outsize 21/- extra.

"SYBIL"

Attractive Tea Frock in rich Lyons chiffon velvet, cut on new lines with the panel bodice, long fitting sleeves and gauged skirt daintily trimmed fur. Bodice lined silk. In all the newest colours and black.

Special Price **98/6**

Outsize 21/- extra.

"SHEILA"

Useful Tea Frock for young ladies, composed of rich chiffon velvet, introducing the inserted hips and box pleat on front, trimmed self buttons. Bodice lined silk. In all colours and black.

Special Price **78/6**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

(Debenhams, Ltd.)

VERE STREET and OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

For the Holidays

Motion Pictures

with the

BELL-HOWELL FILMO Cine Camera

Takes equivalent of 250 ft. of Standard Film. No tripod.

Cinematography is the coming craze—get a cine camera and make your own motion pictures—it's great fun—and inexpensive. Bring back the memories of your holiday in this new and fascinating form.

Write for further particulars.

Wallace Heaton Ltd.,

Cinematography Specialists,

119, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1

What the two greatest players of the day say about

THE En-Tout-Cas HARD LAWN TENNIS COURT

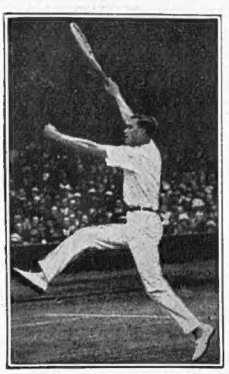
Patent No. 18734.

Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN *writes:*

"I am very glad to tell you that I always like to play on your 'En-Tout-Cas' Courts. They are, to my opinion, the best kind of Hard Courts.—The colour is very good to the eyes."

Mr. Wm. T. TILDEN *writes:*

"I have played on 'En-Tout-Cas' Courts in the United States, England and France, and have found them uniformly satisfactory. I consider them the best type of Hard Court."



Mr. Wm. T. Tilden in play.

THE LARGEST MAKERS OF HARD COURTS IN THE WORLD

Write for Booklet No. 62 to the SOLE MAKERS:

THE EN-TOUT-CAS CO., LTD.

SYSTON - - - - LEICESTER.

London Offices: 169, Piccadilly, W.1.

United States Agents: H. A. ROBINSON & Co., 128, Water Street, New York.

Canadian Agents: DOMINION SPORTS AGENCY, 34, Yonge Street, Toronto.

CHIVERS' PURE FOODS

Purveyor of Jams Jellies and Canned English Fruits to his Majesty KING GEORGE V.

By Appointment

Chivers' SEASON FILLED Jams

FROM ORCHARD TO HOME AND GUARANTEED PURE

CHIVERS' JAMS are prepared on the home-made principle from selected fruit and refined sugar only. CHIVERS & SONS take the choicest fruit straight from their own orchards to their Factory, and the Jam is in the jar within a few hours from the picking of the fruit, while it has all its richness, freshness and quality.

Chivers' Jellies

Flavoured with Ripe Fruit Juices. The family and visitors, children and adults, all delight in CHIVERS' JELLIES—they are delicious, wholesome and refreshing.

Always turn out well, always appreciated, and always in season.

CHIVERS & SONS, LTD.

The Orchard Factory,

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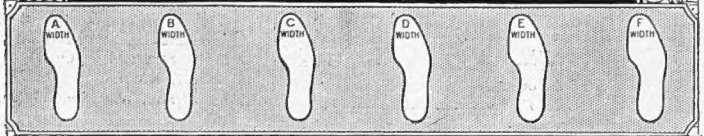

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The Bystander, July 29, 1925 No. 1130. Vol. LXXXVII

The BYSTANDER

Lafayette

THE HON. ANTONIA BENSON

The elder daughter of Lord and Lady Charnwood. Her father, who was created a Baron in 1911, formerly represented the Woodstock Division in Parliament

BY JEAN HARDY

THE PLAYTHING OF A BUSY HOUR

The Holiday Season

THE great holiday season approaches, and a few words on this all-absorbing topic may not be out of place. Don't imagine that I approach the subject lightly. I have read up all the authorities, from Bradshaw to Baedeker. I have considered the pictorial output of the Southern Railway, and—I have been to Blackpool.

Very Parochial

WE Southerners are very apt to ignore that great world which lies north of Dewsbury and Wigan, and it has been truly said that London is the most parochial place in the world. Some of us go to Scotland to play golf and to shoot grouse, but that isn't at all the same thing. We have such a contempt for the great industrial North that we sleep all the way from Euston, and we might just as well do the journey by Underground.

I Go to Blackpool

IN order to correct this very narrow and limited outlook of ours I have been to Blackpool, and I am in a position to tell you all about it. I have seen the tower and the great wheel. Until now, I had rather sniffed at the Blackpool legend—those tales of dancing millions and of money spent like water. Before I went to Blackpool I thought that Seaview had the longest promenade in the world, and that Southend grew more trippers to the square inch than any other seaside place.

Snobbish Resorts

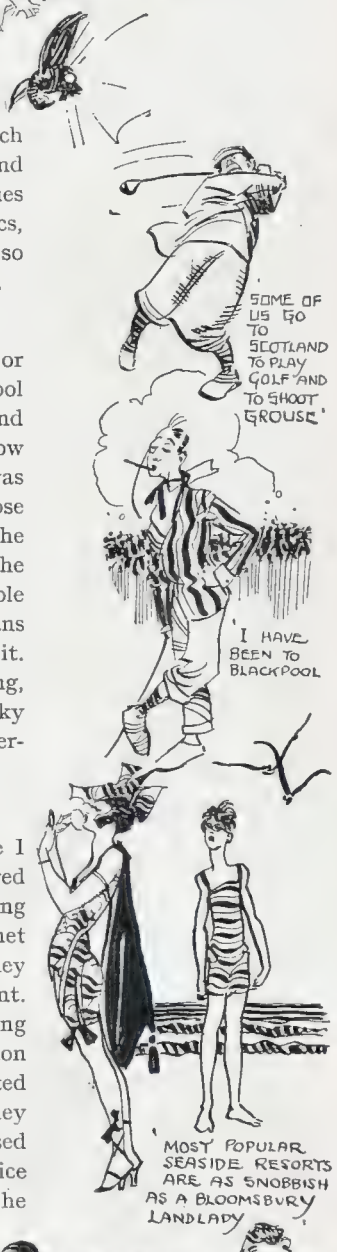
I LIKE Blackpool because there are no frills on it—no nonsense about putting day trippers down side streets and trying to imagine that they aren't there. Most popular seaside resorts are as snobbish as a Bloomsbury landlady who has seen better days and doesn't let you forget it. They are always apologising for themselves and telling you how the Prince Regent lived in such and such a house, and how King Edward sat on such and such a seat. They draw their present revenues from the jolly folk who come in charabancs, and they hate themselves for having sunk so low. Blackpool doesn't make *that* mistake.

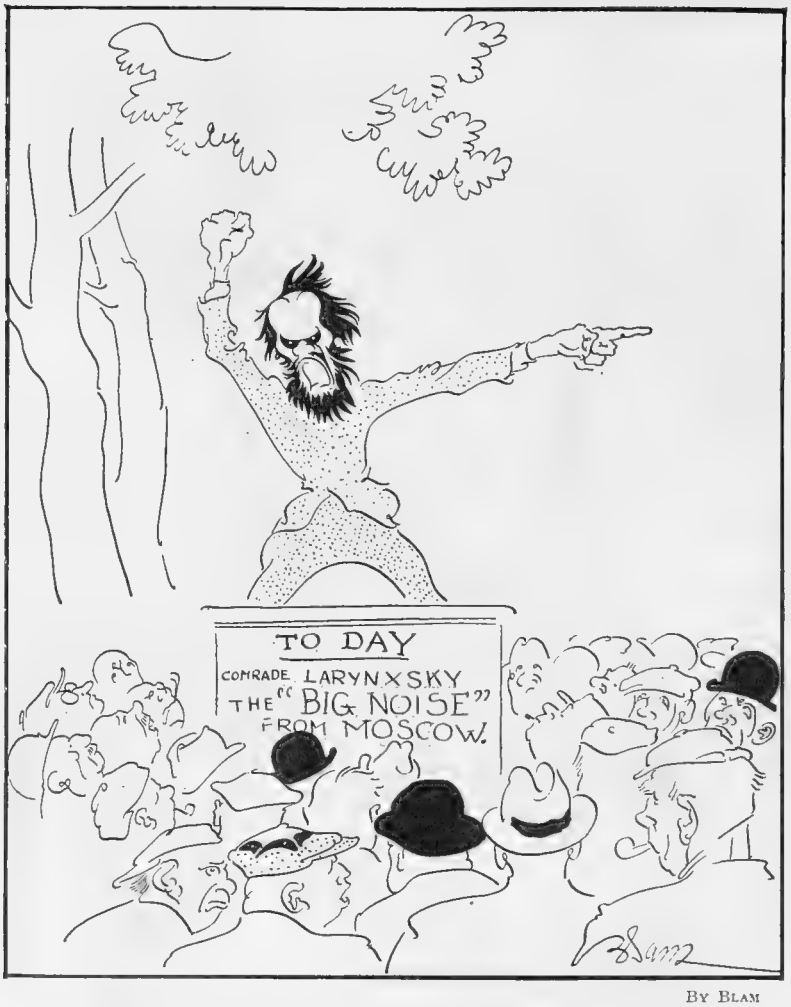
Mr. Dromgoole

NEITHER is there any of that highbrow or ultra-modern nonsense about Blackpool playgoers. They take their pleasures gladly and they know what they like. Also, they know what they don't like. The week before I was there one of those new sex plays poked its nose up at the local theatre, and Mr. Dromgoole, the dramatic autocrat, hit it well and truly over the head with his fountain pen. Mr. Dromgoole knows what is good for Blackpool, and he means to see that Blackpool gets what is good for it. In this matter Mr. Dromgoole has my blessing, and I hope he will continue to wield his inky bludgeon in the splendid cause of clean entertainment and honest fun.

A First Visit

RETURNING from my northern pilgrimage I fell in with two delightful people—a retired glassblower and his wife, who were visiting London for the first time. They were being met at Euston, and, failing that appointment, they knew of no address to which they could be sent. When I told them they were on the wrong train they said they would sit in the station till they were called for. This optimism lasted until the train stopped at Euston, when they just took a look at London and collapsed utterly. Having found a porter with a nice face I left him in charge of them, and he





By Blam

A SUBSTITUTE FOR COAL—"NATURAL GAS-KY."!

promised to call every day at the Lost Property Office to see how they were getting on. I am looking in to see them myself on Thursday of next week.

A Buff Notice

A correspondent who owns a crystal set is very fed up because he has received a buff postcard reminding him that "the licence for his wireless receiving station" expires on the last day of the current month, and that "if it is desired to maintain the station" after that date, a new licence should be obtained within fourteen days of the date of expiration. He is rather pleased that his humble crystal set should be described officially as a "wireless receiving station," but the suggestion that he should pay another ten shillings rather sticks in his gizzard, and I'll tell you why.

A Tangled Web

Twelve months ago he felt sufficiently virtuous to take out a licence, but when he found that none of his neighbours had been equally honest he rather regretted his precipitate action. However, he comforted himself by saying he would miss a few years and so get even with them. He now finds that his virtuous impulse has tied him down to an annual payment, while his less scrupulous neighbours continue to hear the Savoy Havana Band for nothing... We know that evil actions grow and flourish like the proverbial tares, but what about the good action that catches us in a web of our own weaving? There is no moral to this story save this:

O, what a tangled web we weave
When we're too honest to deceive.

Praise? Oh, Dear, No!

I notice that certain prominent Churchmen are reviving the activities of the London Public Morality Council with a view to suppressing objectionable plays. Those of us who have the welfare of the stage at heart will appreciate their efforts, but if I *might* make a suggestion, it would be that they should not confine their attention to improper plays. As there are plays deserving their censure, so there are plays worthy of their support. It is as necessary to praise the good as to blame the bad—a fact which these self-constituted critics would do well to bear in mind.

The Pure Provincial

There is a very practical side to this vexed question of stage morals. We have been told that they don't pay in the provinces, and I have shown you that Blackpool and Mr. Dromgoole stand fast for a clean stage. One of the provincial managers who attended the recent conference told me that business men from the North would visit a questionable play at a London theatre, but they were very careful to keep their families at home when the same play came to their home town. From which it would appear that Londoners are not so bad, and that provincial playgoers are not *all* so good and pure.

A Prophecy Fulfilled

I don't want you to think that I am obsessed by things theatrical, but the recent public flotation of six West End theatres is too interesting to be ignored. When Mr. Lee Shubert (of New York) and Mr. William Gaunt (of Bradford) were seen to lay their heads together at the Savoy, the knowledgeable ones foretold that a prospectus would be appearing in the public Press before the year was much older, and the prophecy has been swiftly fulfilled. The new owners will not embark further on theatrical speculation, but will be content to let their theatres to more adventurous folk. We may even see the return of the actor-manager, with a settled policy and a working knowledge of his job.

The Warden of "New"

When Dr. Spooner, who has just celebrated his eighty-first birthday, was Warden of New College it was his pleasant duty to visit those Cotswold and Vale of White Horse holdings from which the College draws a portion of its income. But I never heard that he scattered "Spoonerisms" as he went. Possibly the demands of the tenants dried up his particular brand of humour at the source. I hear that his successor, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, has paid his first visit to Gloucestershire, and is very popular there.

The "Adam and Eve"

My invitation to readers to send in curious inn signs has met with such an alarming response that I don't know where to start. But the Bystander who sends me a postcard from the "Adam and Eve," Paradise, near Painswick, seems to have carried off the palm. Can you beat it?

The Forest of Mormal

How many men read with a reminiscent thrill that a plane had fallen in the Forest of Mormal, and that the Forest had swallowed up its victims as a whale might swallow a minnow? During the days preceding the Armistice, before the Fourth Army took a welcome breather at Namur, there were things happening in this same Forest of Mormal that are better forgotten, and I know of one division that was very pleased to cross the ruined bridge of Hautmont as the Germans were hurrying out of the opposite outskirts of that friendly little town.

The Luck of the Draw

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

No "mere male" artist would dare to invade a ladies' club on the war-path for caricatures. But Miss Phyllis Kermode, being made of sterner stuff, has collected several scalps of prominent members of the committee of The Ladies' Imperial Club, which recently took up fresh quarters, in Dover Street. Of those seen above, Lady Lawrence is the President and Mrs. Trimm is the Secretary of the Club

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

N. P. A.

VERY FULL DRESS

One of Chief Sekgoma's "army" which loudly welcomed the Prince to Bechuanaland with the native greeting of "Pula! Pula!"

Official photograph by Topical Press

"THE CHILD OF THE GREAT WHITE CLOUD" IN BECHUANALAND

The Prince of Wales (who was picturesquely described by Sekgoma, Chief of the Mangwato, as "Child of the Great White Cloud who dwells beyond the sea"), presenting Mathibe, Chief of the Batawana, with a gold wrist-watch at the official native reception at Serowe. Chief Sekgoma also received a gold watch, and his dusky lady a brown shawl

N. P. A.

NOT IN "KING'S REGS."

Another solution to a gay "colour" question at Serowe, where the Prince was officially welcomed by the Bechuana chiefs

A Galaxy of Royalties

LONDON is becoming as attractive as Paris to foreign Royalties. This year the season ends with the presence of quite a galaxy of them within our borders. The Crown Princess of Roumania and her sister-in-law, Princess Ileana, came first, then the Duchess d'Aosta, her son the Duke of Spoleto, and Princess Yolanda of Italy with her husband, Count Calvi di Bergolo. There were others also. Then finally came the Queen of Roumania, who stayed with her sister the Infanta Beatrice at Esher, the Queen of the Belgians who was stopping with the Duke and Duchess of Portland in Grosvenor Square; and the King and Queen of the Hellenes who stayed at Brown's Hotel. Lady Astor gave a dinner for the Queen of the Belgians and the Queen of Roumania, which was followed by a dance, at which the Duke and Duchess of York and the Infanta Beatrice were present.

"Bobbing Up and Down"

THE first of the two Garden Parties at Buckingham Palace reminded me of a remark made by a little girl after a wedding at Westminster Abbey, at which many Royal personages were present. As the procession of Royalties passed down the aisle, all the ladies curtsied, one curtsy, of course, for each Royalty. "When are we going to stop bobbing up and down like a lot of ships?" the little girl asked her mother.

There was endless "bobbing up and down" at Tuesday's Garden Party, for there were nearly a score of Royal folk present, including the Queen of the Belgians and the Queen of Roumania. Your Bystander, being only a mere male, hesitates to say anything about ladies' dresses. But he must say this. Amongst the thousands of women the Queen was the most radiant, the most beautifully dressed of them all, a most regal stately figure. Dress, hat and sunshade were mauve—or was it blue? At any rate, the colour was something of both. And the dress was all befringed with beads that looked like long drops of ice, cool and glittering. A knowledgeable feminine acquaintance told your Bystander that these fringes were made of crystal beads lined with mercury. So, being your servant, I pass that information on to you. The effect was wonderful.

N.P.A.

A VISIT TO THE RAND'S DEEP LEVELS

The Prince with some of the mine-owners and officials at the Crown Mines (one of the biggest gold mines on the Rand) where, clad in overalls and sou'wester, he went down to some of the deep levels, and saw the miners at work in the stopes. His Royal Highness was presented with a paper-weight of polished ore on which was mounted a small bar of gold from this mine

A Dazzling Appearance

THERE was one change in the programme of a Garden Party. Instead of going amongst the general company immediately on entering the gardens, as is their usual custom, the King and Queen took up a position on the small lawn near the garden entrance to the Palace. There they

awaited the arrival of the Queen of the Belgians and her daughter, Princess Marie José, and the Queen of Roumania and her sister, the Infanta Beatrice.

The Queen of the Belgians came on from the Curzon-Metcalfe wedding and the following reception in Carlton House Terrace, as did most of the other wedding guests. Queen Elizabeth as I have said, has been staying with the Duke and Duchess of Portland. Her presence at the wedding of the late Lord Curzon's youngest daughter was a *beau geste*. During the War, when all that King Albert had left as a kingdom were a small villa and a few square miles of land, the late Lord Curzon placed Hackwood at their Belgian Majesties' disposal.

King Albert and Queen Elizabeth would not leave their people. But they were grateful for the sanctuary of Hackwood for their only daughter, Princess Marie José. Princes, we are told, have short memories. But the King and Queen of the Belgians have never forgotten Lord Curzon's chivalrous service during their time of peril and distress. And that is why Queen Elizabeth and her daughter were present last week at the wedding of Lady Alexandra Curzon and Major Metcalfe.

TWO WEDDINGS OF THE WEEK

Photographs L.N.A. and Topical

Lady Cynthia Barnard and Mr. F. C. D. Tothill, who were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. Above, on the right, are Lady Alexandra Curzon and Major E. D. Metcalfe, M.V.O., M.C., after their wedding at the Chapel Royal, St James's

As I have embarked upon a description of dress, it is, of course, my bounden duty to tell you that the Queen of the Belgians was all cream and gold brocade from hat to heel. And there was brown fur all round the bottom of her dress. Frankly, the Queen of Roumania made your Bystander gasp. She proved that the costumes we see in musical comedies dealing with Balkan Princesses are "founded on fact." On her charming head was a helmet of cloth of gold, with great *panaches* of pale yellow feathers at either side. Her dress was white, soft and flowing. Over it was a cloak of orange-red, with gold tassels at the bottom. A long chain of great diamonds, fastened together linkwise, at the end of which was an enormous sapphire pendant, completed her Roumanian Majesty's most dazzling appearance.

Our Overseas Visitors

One especially interesting event of the waning season was the first appearance of the Duke and Duchess of York as host and hostess at a big party. They gave a reception for overseas visitors, and as White Lodge is rather far out of London for a function of this kind,

Compton Collier

BESIDE THE LILY-POND

Lady Rosemary Baring (left), Viscount Errington and Lady Violet Baring, the children of the Earl and Countess of Cromer. The photograph was taken in the grounds of Aldersmead, in the Somersetshire village of Alcombe

A CAMERA TREBLE FROM SANDOWN PARK

LADY DIGBY (left), LORD DIGBY and LADY BRADFORD

LADY BROUGHTON and MR. SIDNEY LODER

THE HON. CHARLES and MRS. COVENTRY

Have you seen that Hobbs has—

particularly in the evening, the King lent St. James's Palace. Everything was admirably done. The Duke and Duchess—who, by the way, have scarcely had one day free from some public engagement or other since their return from Africa—received their guests in Queen Anne's Drawing-room.

Photographs *Topical and L. N. A.*

AFTER THE WEDDING

The Hon. Francis Nathaniel Curzon and Lady Cynthia Mosley photographed after the Metcalfe-Curzon wedding. The service was held in the Chapel Royal, St. James's

LEAVING THE RECEPTION

Lady Warrender (left), and Miss Veronica Duff, who were among the guests at the wedding of Lady Alexandra Curzon to Major E. D. Metcalfe. The reception was held in Carlton House Terrace

Our overseas visitors cannot complain of lack of hospitality in London this season. The Government gave a garden party for them at Hampton Court, and on the same day the Duchess of Wellington gave a party for them at Apsley House. Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Austen Chamberlain, Mrs. Saxton Noble, and many other hostesses have given afternoon and evening receptions in their honour. At both the Garden Parties at Buckingham Palace they formed a goodly proportion of the guests, all of which is exactly what it should be.

Talking about cricket, Hobbs has—

"Extreme Simplicity"

THERE were great rejoicings last week at Powis Castle, near Welshpool, for the coming of age of the Earl and Countess of Powis's only surviving son, Viscount Clive, whose elder brother was killed in the War. Something like three thousand tenants and estate people were entertained. There were speeches and presentations—always a trying ordeal for a young man—but I hear Lord Clive came through it very happily and neatly.

The Dalhousie tenants, too, in Midlothian, celebrated the coming of age of the Earl of Dalhousie's elder son and heir, Lord Ramsay, who is Lady Patricia Ramsay's nephew by marriage.

One of Lord Dalhousie's predecessors in the title—Lord Panmure, who succeeded a cousin in the Dalhousie earldom—was Minister for War in the 'fifties. He was said to be the most literal-minded man who ever became a statesman. Mrs. Norton, the beautiful and witty woman who was supposed to have sold State secrets to the *Times*, and whom George Meredith took for his heroine in *Diana of the Crossways*, has left this record of Lord Panmure's "extreme simplicity."

She was sitting next to him at dinner on the evening of the day when Queen Victoria had presented the medals to soldiers who had fought in the Crimea. This event had caused considerable stir, as it was the first time an English sovereign had ever presented medals personally. As War Minister, Lord Panmure had been in attendance on the Queen, and like everybody else Mrs. Norton was eager for details.

"Was the Queen moved?" she asked.

"There was no need for her to move. The men all came up to her," said Lord Panmure.

Do you know that Hobbs—

AT THE PALACE *Central News*

A general view of the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace. His Majesty is seen in the foreground chatting to some of the six thousand guests

"I mean was the Queen touched?"

"Nobody could get at her. She was behind a railing," was the laconic response.

After that Mrs. Norton gave it up.

Miss Mary Cholmondeley

MISS MARY CHOLMONDELEY, who has just died, had a gift which is seldom bestowed upon novelists, male or female. She herself was as interesting as her books. Her manner, too, had something of the elusive grace and finished style of her prose. I have never forgotten one of her short stories, although I should be sorry to say how many years ago I read it.

Garden parties, weddings, dances, the gay social round . . . . in the midst of all the glitter, the subject of Hobbs and his record simply *would* keep butting in. And quite right too!

An English couple were on their honeymoon in Paris, when they got caught in a dense crowd gathered together to watch a procession. To protect his wife from the pressure of the people, the husband took her up "pickaback." But when he got clear of the crowd and put her down, he found he had taken up another woman instead of his wife! He searched Paris through and through, but never found her. The stark horror of the situation is unforgettable, and what made it even worse to me personally, was that Miss Cholmondeley told me the story was founded on fact, although, if I remember rightly, the scene of the actual tragedy was not Paris.

L. N. A.

LORD DARLING and MISS DARLING

Arriving at the Palace

This is Hobbs' son's choice!

A Nose Put Out of Joint

THE motor-car is affecting the receipts of the Casino and the hotels at Deauville, particularly those of the Casino. At least, so says M. Cornuché, who has the controlling

I. B.

MISS MOIRA PONSONBY and COLONEL and MRS. RONALD BROOKE

On their way to the Palace

Lafayette

PRINCE GEORGE IMERETINSKY

Late of the Grenadier Guards, the eldest son of Prince and Princess Imeretinsky, whose engagement to Miss Avril Joy Mullens was recently announced

voice in Deauville affairs. People, he says, who used to stay at Deauville, now only motor down from Paris for the day, returning to the capital at the very time when the Casino begins to make its nightly returns from gambling.

Deauville, therefore, is to be displaced from its former high estate as one of the most expensive watering-places in Europe, for M. Cornuché has bought a sea-side village, La Baule in Brittany, too far from Paris for a day motor trip. How long it will take to "develope" La Baule we are not told, so in the meantime Deauville will continue to be what it always has been. When La Baule is ready, Deauville, I suppose, will become as *démodée* as its former rival Trouville.

Ham House

The Earl of Dysart paid a well-deserved compliment to the women members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade when he gave a party at Ham House, Petersham, the other day to the London V.A.D. commandants and a certain number of members from each detachment. The V.A.D.s give an enormous amount of voluntary work. You see them in their neat grey uniform at every public function. They even attend the Royal Garden Parties in case anybody should be taken ill. At Ascot and Epsom they have their own little hospitals, and there are always several of them on duty at Ranelagh, Hurlingham and Roehampton during the polo matches. You will see them, too, on duty at Wembley every day.

MISS AVRIL JOY MULLENS *Lenare*

The younger daughter of Sir John and Lady Mullens, of Belgrave Square, who is to marry Prince George Imeretinsky

Ham House is a wonderful treasure house. It still possesses the silver-faced fire-dogs, silver-handled fire-irons, and silver candle-sconces made for the "wicked" Duke of Lauderdale in Charles II's time. And it is said to have more silver plate in it than any other house in England. Some years ago a lucky discovery was made at Ham. Someone chanced to go into a room in one of the turrets which had not been used for years. There, piled upon the floor were stacks and stacks of silver plate, all black and begrimed with age and dust. How they got there, or how long they had been there nobody knew, but the supposition was that they had been put there to be counted for valuation after some death and had been forgotten; or else that some dishonest servant had gradually collected them and had then been unable to carry them off. Lord Dysart, who is blind, always spends the summer at Ham. During the winter he lives at Buckminster Park, his place in Lincolnshire. As Lord Dysart has no children, the earldom will go to his niece, Mrs. Owain Greaves, the daughter of his sister, the late Lady Agnes Scott.

The Sargents at Christie's

CHRISTIE'S was as crowded last week by people anxious to see the Sargent pictures as it was before the Carnavon sale. Over two hundred pictures and sketches were put up for sale, all from the artist's studio, including the sketches he made for his great picture in the National Gallery, "Some Generals of the Great War," which all came under the hammer. In addition to the great painter's own works, his pictures by brother artists were included in the sale.

WHEN SUMMER SMILES *C. Frisby*

A charming study, exclusive to "The Bystander," of the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, taken in the grounds of Blankney Hall, in Lincolnshire, the seat of her brother, the Earl of Londesborough. Her husband's country seat is Carisbrooke Castle at Newport in the Isle of Wight

Goodwood's Hostess

Blake Studios

LADY VIOLET BRASSEY

The eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, who is acting hostess for her father at Goodwood. She is taking the place of the Duke's youngest daughter, the Duchess of Northumberland, who is unable to take over the duties this year

THE FOX-TROT FACE

By "PENDARVES"

HAVE you ever noticed how fox-trotting affects the features? If you can manage to sit still for half an hour while jazz is being played—an extremely difficult feat, I grant you—you will be able to observe the fox-trot facial expression upon all and sundry. You never notice it when you are treading a measure yourself, because then you are only concerned, if a man, with the comeliness of the face tantalisingly close to your own; and, if a woman, with the hang of your frock in the side mirrors (if any). Being a performer on the jazz stage yourself you cannot, of course, see the curious phenomenon of the fox-trot face in others, and do not want to.

But recline gracefully on a sofa seat at, say, The Diplomats (everyone is very graceful here) while Armadillo's Band is "rendering" that soul-stirring composition, "Every*body* loves ma *ba*—by . . .", and you will see the fox-trot face in all its guises.

Some people acquire this face, others have it thrust upon them. The elementary principles of acquisition are as follows: We will assume your great ambition in life, a very laudable one, is to be a really *good* dancer. You must concentrate, therefore, upon complete vapidity of expression from the moment when, with a slight gesture of resignation, you rise from the supper-table. Any hint of vivacity and *joie de vivre* must be obliterated. The eyes must assume a vacant stare, the mouth a slight droop of boredom. Only the very *bourgeois* people, who come up by the cheap train on Wednesdays from Surmingham, show that they are thoroughly enjoying the weekly "hop"—a dreadful trait in their characters. Not that they have ever been *seen* at The Diplomats, but you understand this is so.

If, as a pupil in the art, you think, when gliding round, of the expression in the eyes of the average Tube liftman engaged upon clipping his forty-four thousand five-hundred and fifteenth ticket this week, *and imitate him* you will be about right. But for heaven's sake don't emulate, by broad grins of appreciation, the doctrine being blared by the band who are telling you at this moment that "I want to *be* happee, an' I won't *be* happee till I've made *you* happee to-oo!" No. The more intoxicatingly marvellous the music strikes you as being, the more statesque must be your calm, the more utterly indifferent the expression of the *chic* foxtrotter's face.

There are, I am afraid, renegades to this gospel of faith. There is, for instance, the man who knows he is being watched from the sofa seats and adjoining tables. He may hate the old hag he is dancing with like poison ("world's worst dancer, old man, but she gives quite decent parties—big house in Grosvenor Place, y'know . . ."), but he smiles down into her embellished eyes as if he was telling her the sweet secrets of his heart. He has no occasion to look where he is going on the over-crowded floor; he is, you see, "a gorgeous dancer," and so must act the part; and the grandmother in his arms thinks he is "*too* wonderful," and probably tells him so.

Then there is our dear old pal, "the galloping Major," all tanned and healthy and hilarious. He has come up from the racing stable at Newmarket (part ownership with "dear old Bobbie Bolsover, late of the 65th—the whitest of men—what?") to see these fillies of Fred's at Tatts. He has brought a sweetie-cousin of his out for what he calls "a jolly." His face when fox-trotting is wreathed in the same sort of beatific smile that envelops it when he hears hounds giving tongue on the far side of a covert—and he dances much in the same manner as his favourite hunter, Firefly, does on that occasion. We give him a wide berth and an intolerant smile on the floor.

There is the rather pathetic spectacle of old Uncle Fred, who fought and bled in some vague Frontier war "ages and ages ago," doing his best with his niece, Cynthia (men call her Cyn.), and having a very anxious time of it. He has said, gravely rising and patting down a bulging shirt front, "very well, my dear, have it your own way," and he commits himself to the deep with a frown of concentration. He would not disappoint the dear child for worlds, not he.

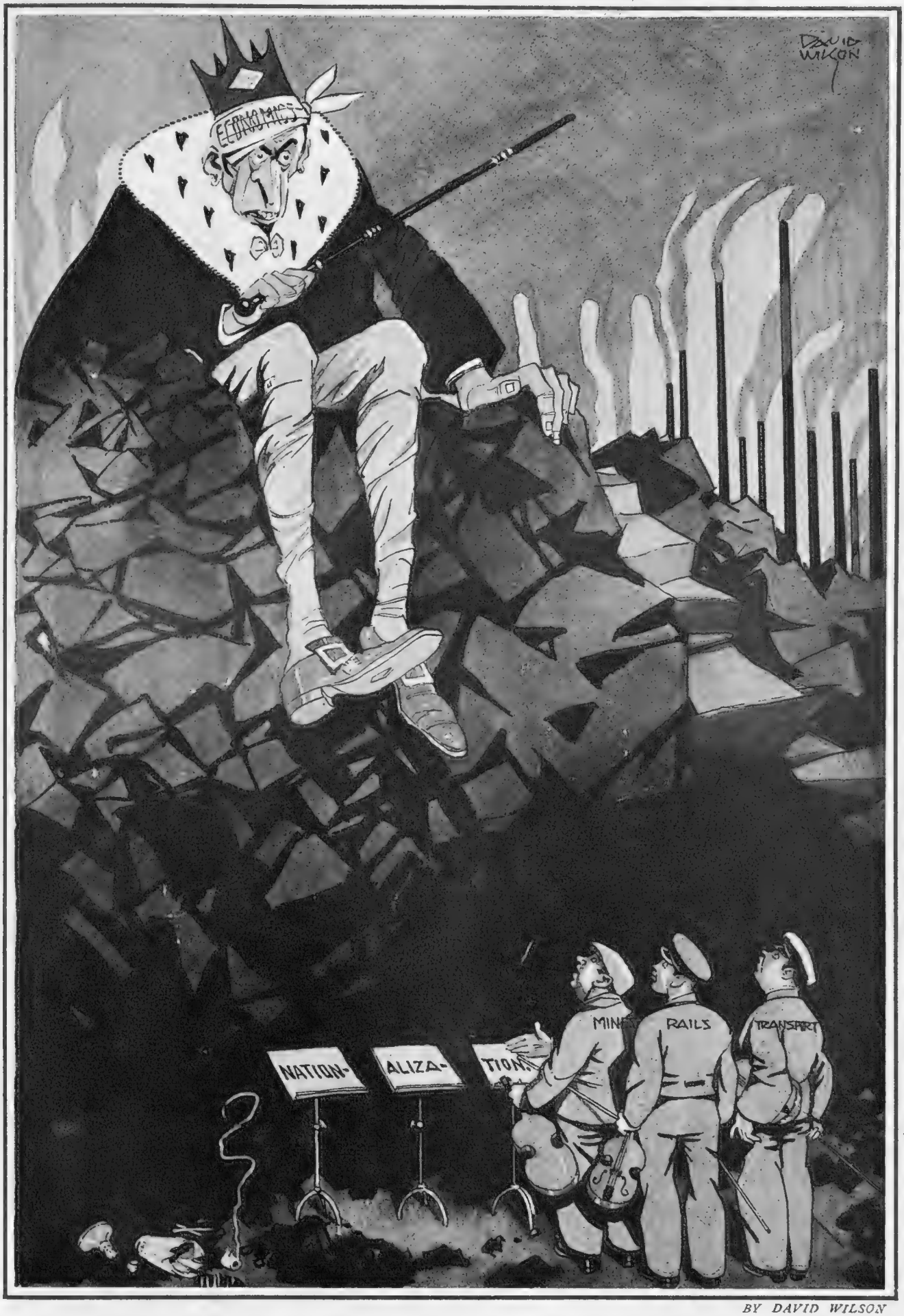
But the women! Past mistresses at concealing their feelings behind those inscrutable and lovely eyes—lovelier at the moment than they will be to-morrow morning, but that is not your business, or mine. That tall, dark woman—"Leslie," they call her—dying to go on to "Uncle's," where there is a man waiting privily for her, who stunts most beautifully, whereas this boring idiot—she gives him a dazzling glance and presses his shoulder affectionately. "You're rather a pet," she tells him. He believes her. Esmé, who has just caught sight of an exact duplicate of her frock coming down the stairs—"oh! that damned saleswoman, and she swore there was only one model over from Cavabien's; *she* will hear about it to-morrow ('yes, angel, I'm loving every moment of it, and *such* a delicious time, isn't it?') . . ."

Some irate (feminine) reader may say "Don't know what 'Pendarves' means. Bet you, my dear, *he's* a rotten dancer, anyway."

She will be perfectly right.

But then, she always is—what?

A Black Outlook in Industry



BY DAVID WILSON

"OLD KING COAL WAS A MERRY OLD SOUL!"

WE MODERNS

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

Produced July 9, 1925

WHEN I was a very young man, richly endowed with all the confidence and omniscience of extreme youth, I remember being severely lectured by an elderly relative to the effect that the young people of that day were much inferior in discipline to the young of a generation or two before. And now that I have come to mature years I notice precisely the same defect in the younger generation of to-day. Mr. Zangwill has, apparently, come to the same conclusion; and, moreover, he has written a play by way of developing his thesis, thus setting the Thames on fire. Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. Myself, as a severely respectable mid-Victorian person, I am unable to approve, for instance, of the very modern pillion girl who rides on the back of a young man's motor-cycle into the unknown; but I have been given the grace to be able to conjecture that, after all, she may be a symbol of the future that I was never meant to grasp. And was it not Cecil Rhodes himself who once protested against our "unctuous rectitude"?

MR. ROBERT SUNDALE is an eminently respectable K.C. (there are still some left), who resides with his family in "a quiet London Square." He and his wife positively exude mid-Victorian prunes and prisms. Perhaps that is why their children crave for self-expression in ultra-modern terms. It used to be said that the clergyman's son is usually the worst boy in the parish, reaction being, apparently, a law, or a bye-law, of nature. So we find young Richard Sundale at his studio in Chelsea with a professed leaning towards cubism in art and Bolshevism in morals, while his father stands by, as it were, and looks on feebly wondering what the younger generation is coming to. Similarly, young Mary Sundale has come under the influence of a decadent poet named Oscar Pleat, whose masterpieces have to be translated into plain English before they are intelligible to the ordinary person; and I dare say the patient proof-reader had to correct the spelling and the grammar as he went along with his toilsome work.

MR. PLEAT is just the ordinary type of soulless adventurer who uses his knowledge of the world to betray the young and innocent. Mr. and Mrs. Sundale, in their discerning mid-Victorian way, have quickly taken the fellow's measure; but on the usual plea that her parents do not appreciate the nobility of high art, Mary insists on her right to enjoy Mr. Pleat's society and to listen to his treacly words that are so obviously inspired by the wisdom of the serpent. To me, the course taken by the parents seems to be the obviously correct thing; but the world has moved so swiftly forward in my time that it is conceivable that what we used to call eternal principles may have to change with the advent of the miracles of motor-traction and listening-in. After all, the sages of old, from whom we draw our principles for the conduct of life, knew nothing of gadgets, and cut-outs, and sparking-plugs; while We Moderns take such revolutionary innovations as matters of course. It may, therefore, be found expedient in the near future to trim those "eternal principles" to fit the swifter times ahead of us.

STILL, as Mr. Kipling has more than once reminded us, the old Commandments stand. In the second act we learn that when lovely woman stoops to folly she finds too late that men betray; but that is not a discovery of our time. Miss Dolly Wimple, the daughter of a famous surgeon, has thrown herself into the Modern movement, as much as anything, from mere wantonness. She it is who sits to Richard Sundale for his painting of the Lorelei, referred to by Hans Breit'mann as the "lady mit nodings on." Indeed, to make her idea

of the character complete, Dolly even sings a line or two of Heine's well-known verses, "*Ich weiss nicht wass soll es bedeuten*, etc." For all his cubism, however, Richard has not gone over entirely to the enemy. His painting is, indeed, so very conventional that it might even have been accepted by the Royal Academy; and his attitude towards his fair model is nicely correct in every way. It seems that in her longing for "freedom" and the desire to "live her own life" as the cant of youth has it, Dolly is an enthusiastic admirer of the alleged art of Mr. Oscar Pleat, and has become his victim accordingly. But then the tragic destiny of the pioneer in every great movement is traditional, and Dolly may even consider herself a Martyr to the Cause, though she obviously is no Saint. And, as has been noticed before, Causes have a way of being followed by Effects.

There is a plain, practical working journalist, Joanna Herzberg (admirably played by Miss Dora Gregory), who displays the only real common-sense of anyone in the piece. The fact that the journalist bears a Jewish name in the play may have had some influence in the drawing of her admirable character. The Jew is something like the Scotsman. He does not want to seem boastful, but he cannot help noticing that he is a trifle superior to the rest of us, and his point of view is apt at times to escape him involuntarily. Joanna has been twice married, and she therefore knows something, and probably suspects a good deal more. She smokes a briar pipe like a true man; indeed, Richard Sundale refers to her usually as "old chap." When he takes Joanna into his confidence and tells her that he does not know what is the matter with Dolly who has had a mild fainting fit, Joanna at once puts him wise with an ingenious epigram that puts the sad truth in a nutshell.

Richard cannot be so very Modern, because even after he has heard of Dolly's condition, he vows that he finds her "wonderful," and is resolved to marry her as soon as she has "got over her trouble." It is not easy to imagine how a *ménage* of this kind would turn out; but if this is the Modern spirit it is certainly more charitable, if more Quixotic, than the mid-Victorian way. Still, it is only fair to say that we see no more of Dolly after that, so that Richard may well have thought better of his rash project. In the last act we find that Mr. Sundale, K.C., with the proper desire to give his son a little encouragement, has bought one of the young man's pictures through the agency of Joanna. Richard at once jumps to the conclusion that he has all at once become a "best seller," and he goes out and gets drunk on the strength of his good fortune, a proceeding that would appear to be both mid-Victorian and Modern. By accident, however, he finds out the dismal truth of the wonderful transaction, and we are led to suppose that he is in this way weaned from Modernism, and brought back to the straight path again.

Although Mr. Oscar Pleat has been told frankly by the great K.C. that if he attempts to visit Mary again, resort will be had to the baculine argument, the villain still pursues her. It is fair to say that Mary gives the fellow plenty of encouragement, even going to the length of showing him how to climb up the waste-pipe, cat-burglar fashion, to the drawing-room window. But as soon as he gives her an over-enthusiastic embrace she sees him in his true light, and breaks away from him, calling for help in frightened tones. About this time she hears that her mother is about to undergo a dangerous operation, and apprehension for the result brings her, also, back to sanity. I daresay Modern young people need to be lectured nowadays, as has probably been the case since the beginning of time, but I should have thought the lesson would have been more successful if it had been a little less heavy-handed.

JINGLE

A WARM DISCUSSION

By Graham Simmons

She: "Do you summer in the country?"
He: "No. I simmer in the city!"

Clothes Make the Man

By G. W. NELSON

Mr. John Trevor was mildly surprised when a man, very hot and very dusty, clambered into the first-class compartment from the rail side of the train.

"Forgive this unceremonious entry," he murmured, as the train slid out of the station. "It's unusual, but necessary. There were two plain-clothes blighters waiting for me on the platform."

Mr. John Trevor elevated his eyebrows and screwed in a monocle. "Indeed?" he replied, and turned languidly to his magazine.

"In very truth. For the nonce, they will be disappointed." The man carelessly produced a revolver and directed it at the fifth button in Mr. Trevor's immaculate waistcoat. "The orders are to proceed with caution and act as directed. Oh, don't read. Let's have a cosy little chat. As I remarked, the 'tecs are after me. My description is out, and I'm very broke. Supposing, just for the sake of argument, that you turn out your pockets."

Mr. Trevor looked at the revolver and shrugged his shoulders. "You're a beastly nuisance," he said with bored fretfulness, and proceeded to make a little heap of wallet, cigarette and card-cases, and loose silver.

"Your remark, while containing the elements of truth, is not original. Others have said it." He seized the thick wallet and opened it, and a cheerful grin spread over his face as he saw the layers of crisp new notes. "In the vulgar parlance, this is the goods. About how much is there here, my dear Vanderbilt?"

"Not much," was the bored reply. "About two hundred in treasury notes, and fifty in fivers."

"Is that all?" the man mocked. "Never mind. I'll put up with it. All contributions gratefully received. And here's a first-class ticket to Northampton. That, I believe, is the next stopping place of this very express train. I will appropriate the ticket, not having one myself. Many thanks. Card-case? Let me see. Ah, yes, a very neat copper-plate. 'Mr. John Trevor.' Monogram on cigarette-case. I like the way that's worked. By the way, is your handkerchief marked? Would you mind . . .? Ah, thanks. Very delicate. Now we will draw the blinds—so!—and you can proceed with the chic disrobing act. In quick time, please."

Mr. Trevor sighed resignedly and obeyed. "It's a new suit, too."

"So I perceive, and jolly well cut. But don't complain. I'm going to give you mine in exchange. That's fair, isn't it? Yes, I will have the undergarments please. You see, I'm going to become Mr. John Trevor, complete in every detail. It will rather baffle the sleuths of the law, don't you think? Er . . . would you mind keeping well over on your side of the carriage . . .? This gun has a hair-trigger . . ."

The exchange was completed and the man settled back in his corner, monocle in his eye, and a cigarette between his lips. "You've a pretty taste in cigarettes and clothes," he murmured. "It has been a real pleasure to meet you. Hullo, we have arrived." The train jerked to a standstill. "Well, good-bye, and a thousand thanks. Er . . . by the way . . . I hope nothing unfortunate happens to you, because I fear that very old brown suit you are wearing figures in my description. Clothes make the man. Trite, but true! Goodbye."

He got out and walked leisurely down the platform.

"There's our man," said a voice, and a heavy hand fell on his shoulder. "John Trevor, I arrest you on the charge of forging treasury notes. Anything you say can be taken down and used as evidence against you!"

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A High Old Time

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A few of the most popular forms of summer sport enjoyed by holiday-makers in the Swiss Alps this year

THE AL FRESCO SIDE OF LON

London summers are not only occasionally trying but, alas, almost always uncertain. When, owing to the stifling
began to get busy on its own account and made a supper or dance under the stars fraught with uncertainty. Al
Garden has bowed to the usual unreliability of our Engl

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

ON'S NIGHT-LIFE IN SUMMER

hts, the world that dances sought relief from the heat in the open air. this wonderful climate of ours promptly e are seen three popular methods of defying heat-waves. It must be noted, however, that the Piccadilly Roof- summers and closed down—for this season, at any rate

BY JACK HATFIELD

SIRENS OF THE AIR

My Holiday Fund

When the sunbeams kiss the ocean at the heyday
of the year,
And, complete with Oxford trousers, I perambulate
the pier,
Do I pause to think of others who're less fortunate than I,
Who so much need a holiday, who've never had a holiday,
Who'll never have a holiday,
Maybe, until they die?

I'm feeling altruistic and it is my simple creed
To give to these deserving ones the holiday they need;
So who will loose his purse-strings out and contribute with me
To give them all a holiday, a pleasant little holiday,
An unexpected holiday,
For the sake of charity?

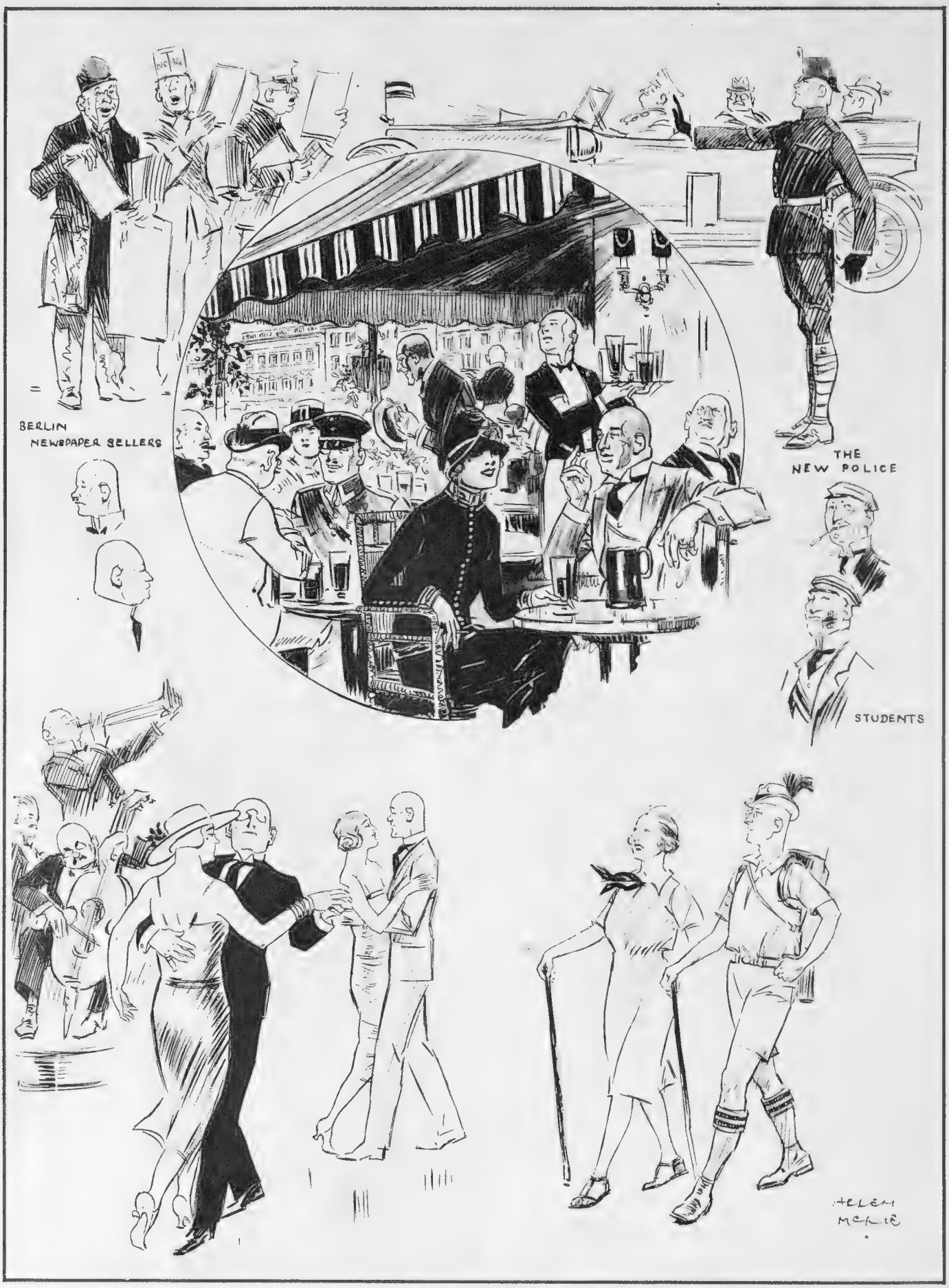
Those who wear Chelsea whiskers and impossible plus-fours;
All those who write free verse and pseudo-scandalous memoirs;
Those who upon the midnight air loose strains of "Tea
for Two"—
They ought to have a holiday, a quiet, peaceful holiday,
A long and restful holiday;
I think they ought, don't you?

The men who bless my eyes because I didn't lead a spade;
Anglers whose fishy narratives put Jonah's in the shade;
Young dramatists whose theme is: "Should a mother take
cocaine?";
They all should take a holiday, a swift and speedy holiday,
A far, far distant holiday
And not come back again!

The golfer who holds forth on non-existent "holes in one";
The sportsman who claims beaters as the victims of his gun;
The softly simpering film-star with her tooth-paste smile
so gay—
They all should have a holiday,
A long, long, long, long holiday,
A sempiternal holiday
Forever and a day.

VERSES BY A. A. THOMSON BORDER BY C. AMBLER

The Poor "Poverty Stricken" Ones—On the Spree



Some impressions of Berlin to-day, drawn by Miss Helen McKie on a recent visit. Our artist writes: "It is difficult to find any traces of that suspiciously vaunted 'poverty' in Berlin, though one sees it often enough in other countries that have been badly hit by the War. On the contrary, Berlin is very flourishing. Everywhere one sees well-dressed, well-fed people—luxurious motor-cars, well-paved roads, newly-erected houses. These, which are solidly built dwellings, are particularly noticeable on the outskirts of Berlin, Hanover and other big German towns. Cafés and restaurants are crowded and very expensive"

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"The Experts"

MES AMIS—

MICHEL GEORGES-MICHEL, author of "Les Montparnos," the standard authority on Deauville and the Lido, possessor of a name which is utilised as a sobriety test by the *commissaire* of the most up-to-date Paris *arrondissement*, is, in addition to all these peculiarities, the nearest thing to a human weather-vane. When Michel Georges-Michel looms up on any given horizon, you are spared the necessity of inquiring which way the wind is blowing. Though it may be but a zephyr, Michel (twice) Georges (once) hithers and thithers with it.

HAVING impressed well on your mind the breeze-betraying potentialities of Michel Georges-Michel, you will now be in the appropriate state to appreciate that we were rather startled when we discovered that this infallible weather-cock was crowing, or otherwise saluting the summer morn, from La Baule. La Baule is way down in Brittany, about six or seven hours way down in Brittany, and though it has always been known as a naturally well-favoured little resort, it was generally regarded as more nearly approaching the *petit trou pas cher* class of the pre-war days than the glittering haunts of the smart set.

BUT Michel Georges and *petits trous pas chers* don't "connect," as they say in the Rue Daunou and other overseas possessions of America. It was obvious that his presence there meant that something most interesting, and perhaps really important, was about to happen at, or to, La Baule. And at last the whisper begins to steal around. The story is that La Baule is to be transformed into a more brilliant, more magnificent, more expensive, more extravagant Deauville than ever Deauville was, and that it is Eugéne Cornuché, *animateur* of Deauville, who is about to do the transforming. The explanation offered is that Deauville, through the perfection of the Rolls-Royce and the Hispano-Suiza, has been found to be too near Paris. Too many people are Deauville-ing by day and motoring back to Paris by night, leaving themselves without a margin for the tables. And Deauville without the profits from the tables would very swiftly become a poor relation. La Baule would be outside the span of twenty-four hour auto-trippers.

WE shall have to wait a week or two to see if the scheme materialises, but one thing is already a certainty. If M. Cornuché does set about Cornuché-ing La Baule, then La Baule will assume a very large space on the map, for everything he has touched has boomed. Michel Georges-Michel's advance activity is never wasted either. And, besides, there was our equally efficient publicity prince, Kees van Dongen. Already there is a Van Dongen yarn from La Baule which fits perfectly into the pattern.

THE contractor, who was racing to have the new decoration scheme of the Casino complete by the stipulated date, was in danger of falling down over a panel which had to carry an advertisement, and for which neither he nor any of his uninspired staff of painters had a wisp of an idea. Van Dongen, who knows his hour as well as any man of destiny ever did, ambled round just when the contractor was employing all the words which the Académie Française refuses to have in the dictionary, said he was a bit of a painter and would be glad of a job on such a nice panel. "Allez-y," gurgled the contractor, "and if you finish it to-night you can name your own price."

"Kicking away the crown"

VAN DONGEN, *le malin*, called for a workman's smock and a lot of paint and illuminated that panel inside three hours. "*Voilâ*," he said to the contractor, who was radiant with beams, "that'll be thirty thousand francs," which shock extinguished the contractor's radiator. "Thirty thousand

(Continued on page 278)

The Sporting Side of Summer

Central News

BETWEEN CHUKKAS

The Earl of Carnarvon, who played for the House of Lords against the House of Commons, on the Barnes ground at Ranelagh. The Commons won the Harrington Cup for the third successive year by 5 goals to 2

Topical

A TWO-IN-HAND AT MAIDENHEAD

Mrs. Lingen-Barker (left), and Lady Terrington, photographed at the annual East Berkshire Horse Show which was recently held at Maidenhead. The mare and foal, which are lending their support, took first prize

Photo Illus.

ROYALTY AT RANELAGH

The Duchess of York with Mr. B. Muirhead, and the Duke of York with Sir George Hastings, arriving at Ranelagh for the final of the King's Coronation Polo Cup. In this match, Eaton was revenged on Jodhpur, winning the match by six goals to three

Sport and General

IN THE SUN AT SANDOWN PARK

Lady Mary Fitz-Maurice at the recent meeting at Sandown Park. Although Polyphontes again won the Eclipse Stakes, the favourites were none too kind

Life as Seen by the Camera

BREAKING THE TAPE *Alfieri*

L. Murchison, of the New York A.C., who won the 100 yards at the Amateur Athletic Association's meeting at Stamford Bridge. His prizes were later withheld, the A.A.A. questioning his amateur status

CROSSING THE STICKS *Alfieri*

The final heat of the 120 yards hurdles at the Amateur Athletic Association sports meeting at Stamford Bridge. The event was won by F. R. Gaby, of the Polytechnic Harriers, seen on the left of the group, in 15 1-5 seconds. Gaby, who made a bad start, beat I. H. Riley of the Illinois A.C. by a yard after a hard struggle, in which he caught him at the sixth hurdle

THE CHAIR AND THE CHEERS *Sport and General*

Members of the City Rifle Club chairing their clubman, Mr. Archie Smith, after he had won the King's Prize of £250, and the Gold Medal and Gold Badge of the National Rifle Association. The winner, who works in the printing trade, was fourth in the shoot last year

A "FLAT" WINNER *G.P.U.*

C. R. Griffiths, of the Surrey A.C., who won the half-mile at the A.A.A. sports at Stamford Bridge. He ran the final heat in 57 1-5 seconds.

"Silk stockings for *femmes de ménage*"

francs," he echoed, faintly. "That's my regular price," said the most Parisian of Dutchmen, "and here's my card." The double shock pulled the contractor together. "I thought you were a local," he said. "Still, we can meet the situation. I'll pay the thirty thousand, but you'll sign the panel." "Ça va," answered Van Dongen.

I, MERE scribe, am not at all prepared to affirm that you would find that panel should you go looking for it at La Baule Casino, but I can assure you that we don't get a Van Dongen story like that, on top of the jazz-band work of Michel (twice) Georges (once), unless something very, very eventful is about to happen at La Baule.

APROPOS very entertaining publicity, we are most anxious to learn the reason for an exceedingly fetching story of beautiful Huguette Duflos of the Comédie Française. Huguette really is beautiful, so there is no idea of questioning it. Yet we were moved almost to sudden sobs by a tale of a "gentleman" burglar who broke into Huguette's country château at Vaumoise and, after packing all the loose jewellery into a valise, sighted a couple of photographs of the charming *châtelaine*, thus learning that he was robbing his favourite actress. That being a dirty deed that no gentleman-burglar could countenance, he left the jewellery and took the photographs, writing a Pierre Benoit kind of note to explain. It was a very pretty story, romantically pretty — but why, Huguette, why?

WE do meet a lot of extremes, of course, so there's no telling. A former "Queen" of Montmartre has become Marianne of the "Republic of the Boulevards," putting on the Phrygian bonnet and kicking away the crown. And *femmes de ménage* have startled even the blasé M. Marny by purchasing silk stockings at about a hundred and fifteen francs a pair when he expected them to ask him to knock fifty centimes off the price of his *réclames* in cotton. There's almost as much probability in the unlikely as there is in the seemingly possible.

IT is you we shall expect to tell us of what our indefatigable Mistinguett has been doing in London. Officially we have been informed that she has been called over by the people who pay the piper and call the tune at the new Moulin Rouge—at which she will be the vedette in the winter — because they want to make her a *directrice*. But unofficially it is rumoured that she has been put on her mettle by the London story that Nemtchinova's legs, which have been insured for thirty thousand pounds, have been described by the "experts" as the most perfect in the world.

"MISS" has hitherto claimed that about her own *belles jambes*, so we are feeling very greatly interested about what is going to happen to those experts. If they are not prepared to qualify their sweeping assertion after a study of Mistinguett's twinklers, they had better hurry to an insurance office themselves, for "Miss" has had lessons both in fencing and shooting. RENÉ

"The gentleman-burglar's favourite actress"

AN INTERNATIONAL FÊTE *Topical*

A group of spectators watching a French play being performed in the grounds of Gorth House, Birmingham, during the recent Anglo-French fête held there. The group includes: Lady Brookes, the Lord Mayor of Birmingham, and M. de Fleuriau, the French Ambassador

Worthington

—a beer brewed at
Burton-on-Trent
Which fills every soul
with content;
The reason's as clear
As the look of the beer,
It's just quality—100%

Another Blow for Our Great Litter-ati

BY E. T. REED

CHORUS (*on "pleasure" bent*): "Wot! Not leave no piper-bags, nor bottles, nor nothink layin' abaht? An' they call this a '*Public Pleasure Park*'—*why, langwidge don't seem to mean nothink, nowad'ys!!*"

When the Censor's About

By Blanchette. *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"Immaculate Baptists"

LONDON, *July* 27

DEAR COUSIN—

SEEMS a fearful lot of Censoring going around just now—in fact, I don't quite know how we ever manage to keep on keeping on, any of us . . . except, that is, just one or two immaculate Baptists and Bishops and one or two other virtuous ones that nothing's really *known* about.

卐

MUCH fun and amusement, of course, being caused by present proceedings at Monkeyville, U.S.A., where a frightfully reckless libertine of a teacher is having a real *cause célèbre* "framed up" against him because he's ventured to say a word for Mr. Darwin and Evolution, and all that sort of thing. Thus incidentally, I suppose, casting a slight shadow or *soupçon* of doubt on the somewhat rapid and arbitrary proceedings recorded in Genesis, Chap. I.

卐

BUT not sure we can't do almost well-nigh as well in this country, or, at any rate, something approaching it when our own real Spirit of Censorship is aroused. A spirit, dear brethren and sistren, that, somehow, always seems to flourish everywhere, and is infinitely stouter and stronger on the wing than the mere spirit of creation. The more or less modestish efforts, I mean, of certain misguided persons really to express themselves in pictures, or plays, or books, or even, for that matter, perhaps newspapers and things.

卐

WHICH is a bold, bad proceeding God wot, and no wonder the aforesaid Censors come down heavily on 'em with their nice flat feet or squat blue pencils, or whatever they do it with. Haven't ever met a Censor yet myself, must confess, but can quite well imagine what he'd be really like. Rather a little man, methinks, with mind to match, solemn and slow of speech, and a bit bitter of thought because *he's* never created anything. Probably bald, with strong growth of beard, but feeds the cat every night (in flannel dressing-gown) before going to bed . . . you know the sort.

卐

SAYS our plays are immoral, for one thing, the Censor does—whereby, of course, I mean the collective syndicate of Censors and not any bright spirit in particular of that breezy and encouraging crowd. Included among said syndicate being a perfectly good Bishop, for instance, who wants to know why we can't be content with quite nice affairs like *Abraham Lincoln*, and *The Dover Road*, and *Bull-dog Drummond*, and suchlike. Which *rather* seems to tend to show, does not it, that even if sure they're a shade on the slow side, these Censors. Seeing that plays named went out of commission, so to speak, at least a year ago, not to say two or more.

卐

AND then there's Mr. Seymour Hicks, an actor himself, and a very brilliant one, who says that "obviously there's something wrong with what is permitted to go on in the theatre to-day." (Though must say, can see, myself, a good deal more wrong in what's permitted to go *off*, like *The Guardsman*, but that's by the way.) But what *I'd* rather like to know is—what plays of the moment, here in London now, *do* they think are so utterly and entirely horrible and beyond the pale?

卐

THERE'S *Fallen Angels*, of course, at the Globe, wherein Tallulah Bankhead and Edna Best both get decidedly swimmy (though on one bottle of champagne between the two I don't quite know how it's done). And in *Rain*, at the Garrick, and *Spring Cleaning* at the Playhouse, there's a *fille de joie* as one of the chief characters in each case—but what of it? Moral

"Even millionaires enjoy themselves"

"Shortage of milk"

in two out of the three is a completely Sunday-school one, and No. 3 (I leave you to guess its name) is so completely boring I don't think it matters in the very least what happens either way.

And *après ça, le déluge*—of quite nice, innocent, and morally faultless holdings up of the Mirror to Nature. Who might be a bit shocked by her reflection now and then, 'tis true, but not on moral grounds. *E.g.* and for example—and of course, dear cousin, I'm not bothering to mention any but the really good plays it is worth spending the most precious three hours of the evening on—who even among the most ingeniously-minded Censors could find aught to cavil or scoff at in Mr. Ashley Dukes's exquisite *The Man With a Load of Mischief*? Or that Ibsen play, *The Wild Duck*, which is doing so well at the St. James's? Or those lighthearted noisy affairs, *No No Nanette* and *Rose Marie*? Or *White Cargo*, in spite of Tondeleyo's alleged scanty draperies (but the present one's got the right-shaped kind of leg)?

The sentimental touch fairly predominates in Mrs. Sidgwick's new book, *The Humming Bird* to wit, which is all about a half-English girl who lives in Italy and is finally caught up and absorbed by all its picturesqueness—and spite of being all but married to a perfectly good and nice "county" young man in England, ends by finding she really loves an older and much more determined *Italiano*, who fairly sweeps her off her feet. Pure sentiment doesn't often really happen, *inhuman* nature being what it is, but how rapturous, as they say in *Mixed Doubles*, that nice little frivolous farce at the Cri.

Also after all, spite of coal troubles and economy wails about cruisers and things, and the alleged shortage of milk owing to the drought (sounds just a shade suspicious, *n'est-ce pas?*). . . . In spite of all these and other worries it's holiday time, is not it, when optimism gloriously prevails and mere details don't matter, and even the poorest of us live, for a space, at the rate of *x* thousand a year. Well-nigh as uncomfortably, in fact, as most of the millionaires I've met. Who really, quite honestly and between you and me, seem to have the most ghastly rotten time, only they're so busy making more money all the while they don't know it.

Talk about missions to seamen and people—I don't know much about all that sort of thing, but must say a Mission to Millionaires appears to me a quite good cause, and also, oddly enough, doesn't ever seem to have been done before. Positively pathetic creatures, they are, you know, and so utterly out of the picture that quite a lot of them actually wear whiskers and beards—which even Dukes to-day hardly dare to do. Never a moment's leisure, they don't have, poor things, fixing up all about their stocks and shares and what not, and every time even their very best friend comes up with outstretched hand they think he must be asking for a subscription!

Seems to me, as Mr. Eden Phillpotts'd put it in his Devon way—you might as well stop living as live life on these drearily wealthy terms. But, after all, it takes all sorts to make a world, and I suppose even millionaires enjoy themselves in their own little way, when their secretaries and people allow them five minutes off from business. . . .

"A nice 'county' young man"

Lots of nice advice floating around just now, by the way, about how to deal with your hols—which, according to a Harley Street doctor, should never be less than six weeks at the least, or, if possible, eight (employers, please note). You shouldn't, for instance, says one of our advisers, be too dreadfully worried about being bitten by wild sea-monsters while bathing, for far more dangerous than the shark that might eat you is the lobster you may have eaten just before. Etcet. and so on.

With love,
yours ever,
BLANCHETTE

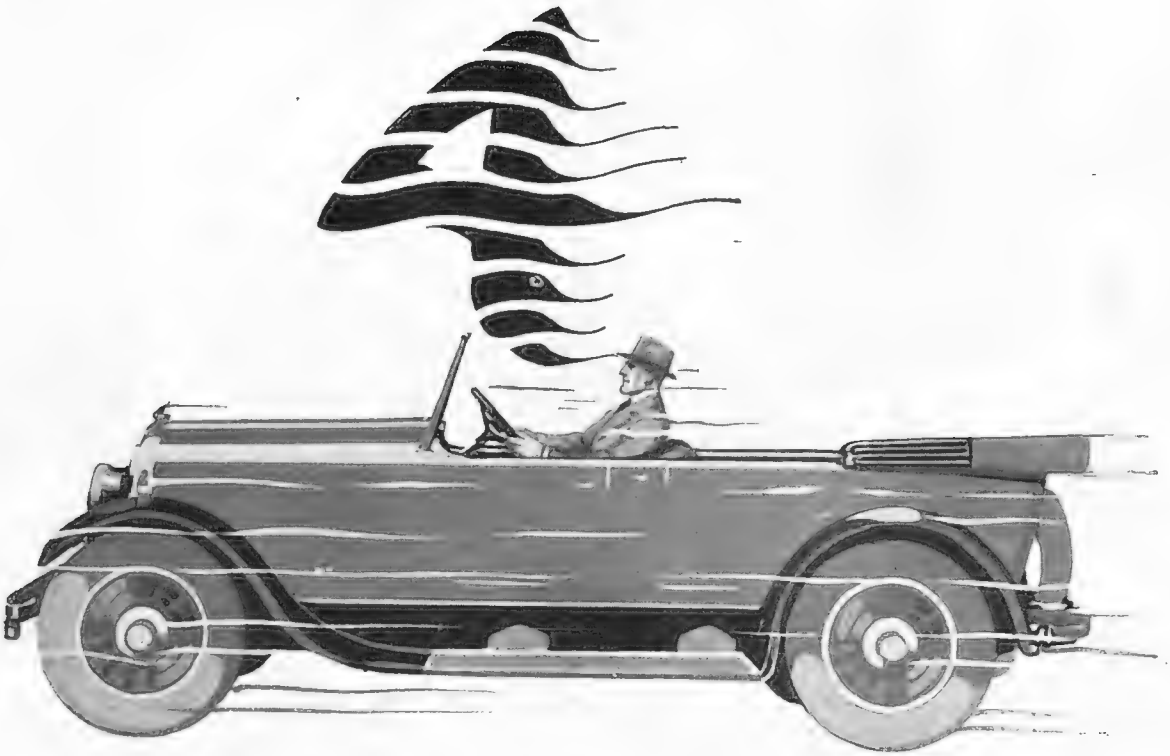
WINNERS OF FINGER-PRINT COMPETITION, No. 4

We print below the names of the readers who successfully claimed their finger-prints, published under the heading of Selection No. 4, in our issue of July 15th. A cheque for One Guinea has been sent to each of these entrants.

Miss J. M. CHRISTIE, Oriel Cottage, Dunbar; RICHARD BEESLEY, 1, Ondine Road, East Dulwich; C. G. GARRETT, 10, Birdhurst Road, Collier's Wood, Merton; A. H. DUTCH, 81, Waterloo Road, Leyton, E. 10; Miss E. JONES, Grove House, Bidston Avenue, Birkenhead; J. D. WILLIAMS, 31, Tooting Bec Road, Upper Tooting, S.W. 17; Miss C. E. TANNER, 20, Golden Lane, E.C. 1; L. STEWART, Châlet Bel Air, Champéry, Valais, Switzerland; A. E. MOORCOCK, 152, Houndsditch, E. 1; J. DAWE, 103, Welham Road, Streatham, S.W. 16; T. SCRIMGEOUR, 17, Seafield St., Cullen, Banffshire, N.B.; E. F. FELLOWS, 66, Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C. 1; W. L. SCOTT, 9, Cambridge Mansions, Battersea, S.W. 11; V. JONES, Vine Cottage, Dudley Road, Ventnor, I.W.; H. SANDHAM, 7, Cliff Road, Dovercourt, Essex; and H. PHILPOTT, 74, Shaftesbury Ave., Montpelier, Bristol.

HAVE WE HAD THE PLEASURE OF MEETING YOUR FINGER-PRINT YET?

You may win a Guinea every week. *For details and coupon, see page* 286.



The instant success of the Chrysler Four

A few weeks ago the Chrysler Four was first made known to the public. To-day the demand for it is phenomenal. The whole motoring world is agog with the news of its wonderful performance. It is positively a revelation in motor engineering development, the most amazing car at its price that has ever been put on the market. It swings along the road at 60 miles an hour, easily, comfortably, and without a hint of side-sway when taking the bends. Its acceleration is nothing less than a marvel for a four-cylinder engine. 5 miles an hour to 25 in 8 seconds. It possesses the now famous Chrysler-Lockheed hydraulic four-wheel brakes, always perfectly compensated and requiring no attention. Its mileage is 30 to the gallon. It is exceedingly good looking, exceedingly strong—without a doubt the car of the day in every single point of workmanship and performance. If you take an interest in cars of any type, you should write for the booklet describing the Chrysler Four in full detail. It is an education.

Chrysler Four Touring Car, £335 Chrysler Four Touring Car (de Luxe), £360
Chrysler Four Coach (5-seater), £398 Chrysler Four Saloon (4-door), £425
Chrysler Four Landaulette (English body), £515 Chrysler Four Van (English body) £288 ... Deferred Payments arranged if desired

Maxwell-Chrysler Motors Ltd., 8 Maxwell Works, Mortlake Road, Kew Gardens, Surrey

Dealers and Service Stations Everywhere

HYDRAULIC FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES

A GYMKHANA IN SWITZERLAND *E. Meerkamper*

Hauptmann F Lambelet (Instructor in the Swiss Artillery) at the Concours Hippique at Frauenfeld, Lucerne

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Sussex Meetings

THE Sussex fortnight is one of the most enjoyable of the racing season. Goodwood is followed by Brighton and Lewes, and the holiday spirit agreeably pervades the three meetings. There is a fear that the ground will be on the hard side at Goodwood, but the turf is hundreds of years old on the Ducal course, and affords good going even in times of drought. Still, colts with engagements in the St. Leger may not be called upon to gallop at Goodwood this week. If Saucy Sue runs at the meeting it will be in the Nassau Stakes on Friday. I was glad to get a reassuring account of this filly from her trainer last week. Alec. Taylor was disposed to make light of her trouble, though it was singularly inopportune in that it prevented her from competing for the Eclipse Stakes. I wonder whether she would have won that race if she had been in the field. I think the filly would not have found it easy to dispose of Polyphontes and Zambo. Great as the reputation of Lord Astor's filly is, the opposition she has encountered so far this season has been moderate, and one would like to see her take on some of the best colts.

The St. Leger

AT present there appears to be a doubt whether she will be a competitor for the St. Leger. Additional interest is given to that race by the fine performance of Zambo at Sandown. This colt seems to improve every time he runs, and it is highly probable that he will be seen better than his stable companion Zionist at Doncaster. The Aga Khan tells me that both will run in the St. Leger and that probably he will have a third competitor. One is glad to see Carslake still riding regularly for the Aga Khan, which silences all the rumours to the effect that the arrangement between them was at an end. Indeed, the owner in question informs me that there was never any question of Carslake ceasing to ride for the stable this year. At the present time my idea is that Solario will win the St. Leger. I was very much impressed by his performance in the Princess of Wales's Stakes, which went to show that he has got right back to his best two-year-old form. It showed, too, that Solario is not deficient in staying power, and altogether he looks just the right sort for Doncaster. I hope Picaroon will be fit in time for the meeting on the Town Moor. He is now doing steady work, and there is just a chance that we shall see him in the St. Leger field. It is as well to remember that Picaroon has never been beaten, and quite possibly he is out by himself among the three-year-old colts. But how his long spell of idleness will affect his form cannot be said.

BY "THE TOUT"

A GOODWOOD FIGURE

George Duller, Sen., whose substantial frame is so familiar at all the big meetings. Duller trains "Mademoiselle M" that very unlucky City loser, and one that will pop up again before the season is over

A BELGIAN COMPETITOR *E. Meerkamper*

Monsieur J Laame, of Mons, jumping for the Grand Prix in the Lucerne Concours Hippique

Goodwood Selections

ALTHOUGH most of us wilted under the heat, the meeting at Liverpool last week was a complete success. Most of the racing was high class, though winners were not particularly easy to find. I expect **Charley's Mount** will make amends for her unlucky experience at Ascot, by carrying off the Goodwood Cup on Thursday, thus repeating the victory which Teresina gained for the same owner twelve months ago. She is probably the best stayer in England. I shall always believe that she was desperately unfortunate not to have won the Alexandra Stakes. The Goodwood Stakes on the preceding day may be won by **Desert Chief.** His trainer, Tom Leader, has only four horses in his care for flat racing, and a victory for this small stable would be decidedly popular. **Istria** is my selection for the Drayton Handicap on the same day, while **Fair Charlotte** has a reasonable chance in the Chesterfield Cup on Friday.

MR. LEWIS LACEY

THE MARQUIS DE VILLABRAGIMA

THE DUKE OF PEÑARANDA

POLO NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

The Subalterns

THE subalterns' tournament at Ranelagh is always entertaining. We followed the form of the youngsters with special attention this season. There is a lamentable weakness in Army polo just now, and we have to depend upon the subalterns to revive the prestige of the regimental game in due course. The victory of the 17th-21st Lancers was generally expected. Their team comes up to the standard of pre-War subaltern combinations, though, perhaps, it is not so strong as that team of subalterns with which the 17th won Inter-Regimental Tournaments in India many years ago. Lieut.-Colonel E. D. Miller, in his delightful book of reminiscences, tells us all about those far-off Indian days which he must have recalled as he watched his son playing in the recent Subalterns' final. Veterans of the type of Colonel Miller find great delight in these hearty scraps among the junior officers. Colonel Melville, Major Lockett, and Major Boles were among the old hands who cheered the lads of their regiment on to victory at Ranelagh.

Players of Promise

FOR my part, I found the Subalterns' Cup final much more interesting to watch than the Inter-Regimental final had been. The tremendous keenness of the youngsters never allowed the game to become dull. Even when the 17th-21st had established a commanding lead the 12th Lancers did not relax their efforts. For the first three chukkas there was not a great deal to choose between the teams. Ably led by Mr. Selby McCreery, the 12th hit the opening goal of the match, and continued to hold their own. That McCreery should have been the best player on the field is not surprising. If this player could find a place in a first-class team for a couple of seasons he would assuredly develop into one of the real international type. Unfortunately, he will be lost to English polo for a number of seasons, as the 12th Lancers are to go abroad early next year, and will spend some time in Egypt. In the end the 17th-21st decisively repeated last year's triumph in the tournament, and the play of the team all round was so good that it is difficult to single out individuals for special praise.

Photographs W. A. Rouch and Sport & General

MR. G. A. E. TRAILL

THE NEW "FREEBOOTERS"

The four players photographed above are to form a team next season that should prove a very formidable combination. The team contains the two famous Spanish players, the Marquis de Villabragima and the Duke of Peñaranda, and is strengthened by the addition of Mr. Lewis Lacey, the famous Argentine star, who is looked upon by many good judges as the finest player in the world to-day

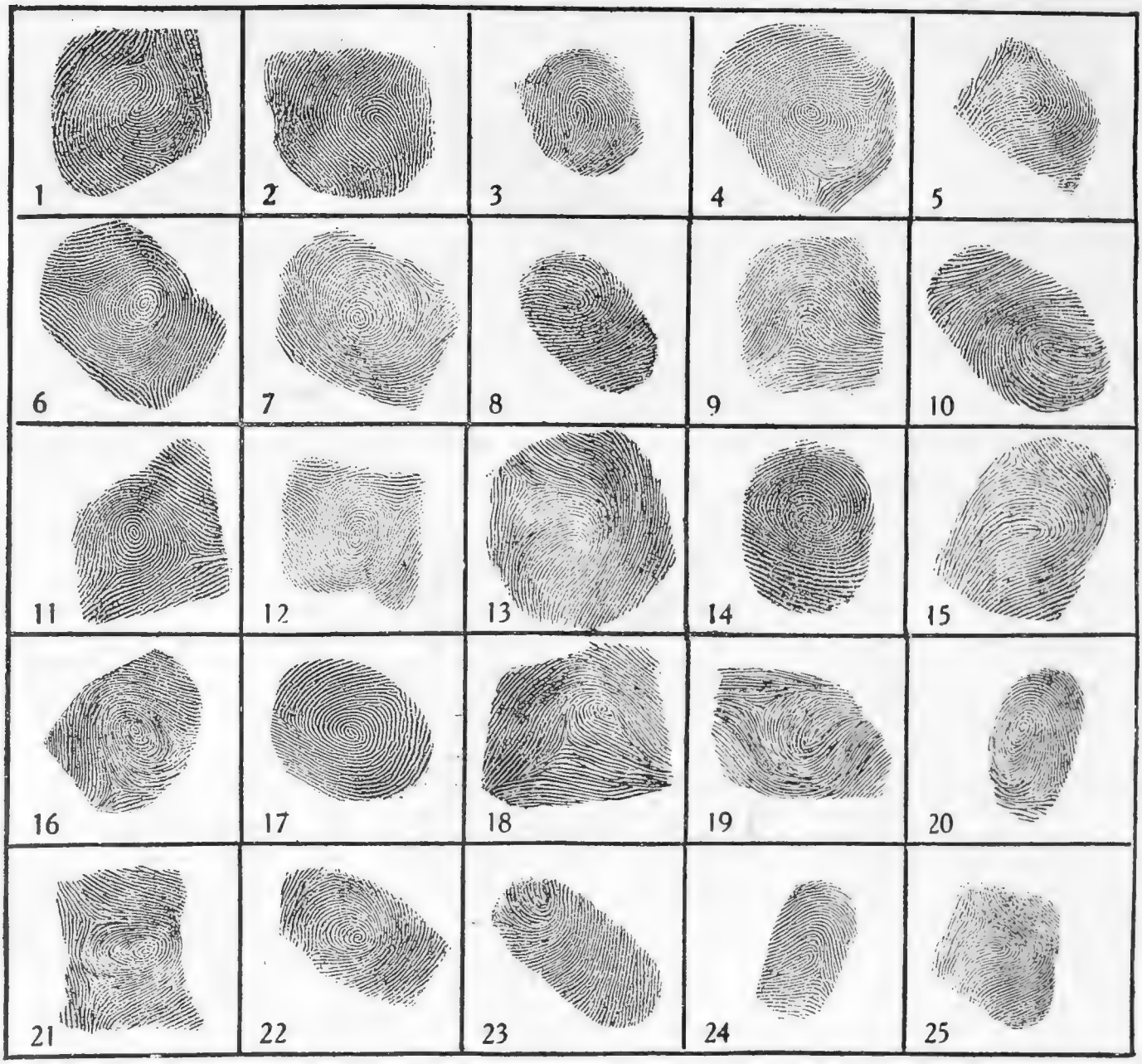
A Smart No. 1

I THINK the man who exhibited greatest promise was Mr. R. B. Cooke, one of the best subaltern No. 1's seen for a long time. He hits a long ball, and, mounted as he was in this tournament, he is exceedingly nippy and quick. In a few seasons he should be a front-rank player, especially as Colonel Melville has dropped out of the regimental team. Mr. Walford also played remarkably well at Ranelagh. He hits a particularly good back-hander, and is equally effective on either side of his pony. Both Mr. Desmond Miller and Mr. H. W. Forester were safe and resourceful. On the other side, Mr. Byass, while not quite as conspicuous as Mr. McCreery, showed encouraging form, and looks like becoming a valuable member of his regimental side. In the handicap tournament for subalterns at the same club, the 14th-20th Hussars did wonderfully well, and proved themselves to be under-handicapped.

Handicaps

SOME drastic changes have been made by the Handicapping Committee. Several of the former top-notchers of the game find themselves taken down one or two points, and quite rightly so. It has long been recognised that most of the leading English players have been absurdly over-handicapped compared with players occupying corresponding rank in the United States. Lord Wodehouse is among the men who have been brought down. He has fallen appreciably below the ten-point standard since resuming the game this season, and though he has been much talked of in connection with the next international matches, I fear he would not be eligible on any form he has exhibited this year. Mr. Traill is now our only ten-point player. I have seldom seen him in better fettle than this season, and his individual work for Eaton against Jodhpur in the final of the Coronation Cup at Ranelagh was something to remember.

MONEY FOR YOUR FINGER-PRINT



SELECTION No. 6

Above are twenty-five finger-prints selected from those sent in by our readers before July 20. Next week and for each succeeding week we shall publish, in the manner shown above, a further selection of twenty-five finger-prints. Anyone who can successfully identify his own will be awarded a prize of ONE GUINEA.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

1. Make a clear impression of your thumb-print in the white space on the coupon. Take some ink of dense consistency, smear it over a pad or sheet of paper. Then press the thumb lightly over the smeared ink. Readers should note that **black ink only** must be used.

2. Fill in the coupon with your name and address, and post it to THE EDITOR, THE BYSTANDER, GRAPHIC BUILDINGS, TALLIS STREET, E.C.4, to reach us by first post on Monday morning, August 3. Mark your envelope "FINGER-PRINT" on the top left-hand corner.

3. Keep a duplicate impression of your own thumb-print for future reference.

4. When the twenty-five selected thumb-prints are published (in our issue of August 12) examine them carefully and see if you can recognise your own by comparing it with the duplicate you have retained. When you have picked out your own finger-print from our selection (which will, of course, be numbered as are the examples on this page) send in your claim to the Editor—your name and address and the number of the thumb-print you have identified as your own.

5. All Claims in the case of the selection reproduced above, should reach us by first post on Wednesday, August 5, the envelope being marked "CLAIM No. 6."

N.B.—Finger-prints bearing scars or disfigurements will be disqualified.
The Editor's decision is final

Bystander Finger-Print Competition.

No. 8

July 29, 1925

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

This coupon must reach us by first post on Monday morning, August 3

Only one thumb to be placed in this square.

A list of prize-winners who successfully identified their finger-prints in our fourth selection (published July 15) will be found on page 282.

For half-a-hundred English summers the kindly help and gentle influence of ENO have been sought by those who would rejoice in the health and vigour that summer brings. ENO then, for you —— crisp, sparkling, cooling, and of inestimable benefit to your health. // // //

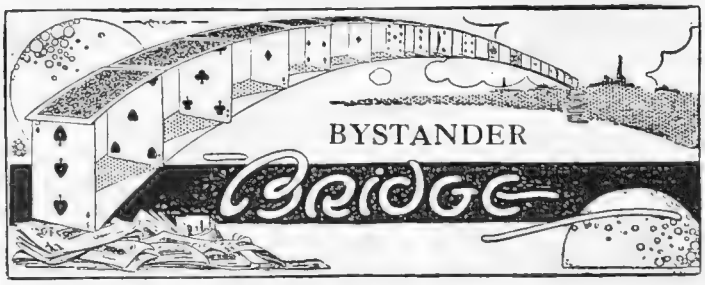
ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

TRADE MARK

The World-Famed Effervescent Saline

1/9 3/-

Pleasant to taste. Gentle in action. True aid to Nature.



By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

LEG-PULLING AT BRIDGE

A WRITER, "Jack of Spades," in *The Statesman* of Calcutta, sends me particulars of a game which he asserts was played at the Yarborough Club, Calcutta. He considers it of more than ordinary interest and thinks I may like to publish it. He cites it as "a fine example" of forward bidding. Here are the hands and the bidding.

S—5, 3, 2.
H—8, 5, 4, 3, 2.
D—None.
C—8, 7, 6, 5, 3.

S—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 4.
H—J, 10, 9, 7, 6.
D—10, 9.
C—None.

Y (Dummy)
A B
Z

S—A, K, Q, J.
H—A, K, Q.
D—A, K, Q.
C—K, J, 9.

S—None.
H—None.
D—J, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2.
C—A, Q, 10, 4, 2.

Score: Game all, love all. Z deals and bids "one Club"; A "No bid"; Y "four Clubs"; B "three No Trumps," Z "five Clubs"; A "No bid"; Y "No bid"; B "double." All pass.

Played in Clubs Z and Y made a Grand Slam, and scored 584 points—84 for 7 tricks doubled, 150 for the contract and two over tricks, 100 for Grand Slam, and 250 for the rubber.

. . . . . .

Commenting upon the hand, "Jack of Spades" remarks: "In all my experience I have never come across an instance where a good hand like that held by B was wasted. It is a hand on which B, on the first round, should have made a shut-out bid of 'four No Trumps.' He had ten sure tricks in his hand, and, if a Club was led, he could have made 'five No Trumps.' Even if he had once mentioned his Spades his partner would have put him up to five Spades. Yet he permitted the adversaries to play the hand in Clubs and score a Grand Slam.

"Z and Y belong to the forward school of players, while their opponents belong to the school which believes in lying low in the vain hope of netting penalty points.

"The brilliant coup was brought out by Y—a player of imagination and daring—who knew thoroughly the temperaments of his adversaries.

"Incidentally, the hand should serve as an object-lesson to those who double a trump suit bid on the slightest provocation."

. . . .

Now I am sorry to contradict "Jack of Spades," but I feel sure that someone has been pulling his leg badly. Really and truly I don't believe that such a hand was ever played at any Club, or that such bidding would have occurred outside a lunatic asylum. I am confirmed in this opinion by the fact that the hand is an almost complete replica of an amusing spoof hand given in a humorous book entitled "Low Bridge and Punk Pungs" by Sam Hellman (Little, Brown and Co., Boston, U.S.A.). The hand and the bidding are, of course, the invention of the writer of the book.

Here is the actual hand which was played after Z had "manipulated the cards to give himself, as he thought, an unbeatable hand":—

S—8, 7, 5, 4, 3.
H—8, 4.
D—None.
C—10, 9, 6, 5, 3, 2.

S—None.
H—J, 10, 9, 7, 6, 5, 3, 2.
D—A, Q, 10, 7, 6.
C—None.

Y
A B
Z

S—J, 10, 9, 6, 2.
H—None.
D—8, 5, 4, 3, 2.
C—8, 7, 4.

S—A, K, Q.
H—A, K, Q.
D—K, J, 9.
C—A, K, Q, J.

Score: Game all. Z dealt and bid "one No Trumps" A "two Diamonds"; Y and B "No bid"; Z "three No Trumps"; A "four Diamonds" (by the American law four Diamonds outbids "three No Trumps"); Y and B "No bid"; Z "four No Trumps"; A "five Diamonds"; Y and B "No bid"; Z "double." A "re-double" All pass.

Y leads a Club, which A trumps. A leads Heart, which B trumps. A Diamond is led and the ten finessed. Then another Heart from A trumped by B and a Diamond lead. A establishes his Hearts by ruffing three rounds and makes Grand Slam re-doubled! The writer continues:

"Damn such a game," I howls; "I'm through with it for life" and I beats it up the room. The wife follows.

"What happened?" she asks. "You had such a wonderful hand."

"It oughta been," says I grim, "I made it myself."

. . . . . .

I sympathise with "Jack of Spades" because I have "had some" myself. There are certain practical jokers who seem to love to take a rise out of writers on Bridge. But only once, so far as I know, have I been caught napping in the BYSTANDER, and that was some time ago when I published what was sent to me as a new and original double dummy problem, which proved to be an old one by the late W. H. Whitfield, taken from Ernest Bergholt's book "Double Dummy Bridge."

But one has to be on the alert against more or less simple catches. Here is one: Declarer called "three No Trumps" holding four Aces, four Kings and four Queens. He went down 100 points. How could this happen? Ha! Ha! Of course he revoked.

. . . . . .

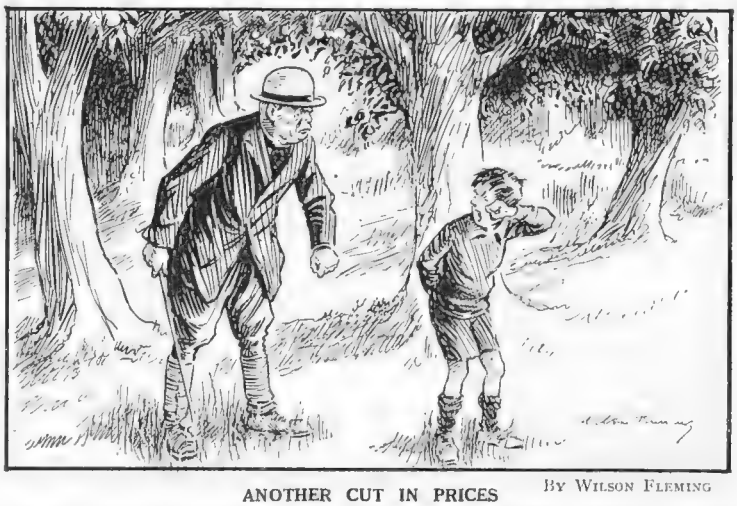
And here is another. Z dealt and called "three No Trumps," holding S—A, K, Q, 5; H—A, K, J, 9; D—A, K, Q; C—A, K, Q. He did not revoke and yet he did not score a single point.

Have you got it? Tush! The answer is that he held fourteen cards and there was a new deal. Don't be so silly!

. . . . . .

But an amusing case of leg-pulling actually occurred in my presence at a London Club. Z, a bit of a practical joker, was playing with a very serious and rather choleric old warrior. In the rubber game he opened the bidding with "three No Trumps," and was promptly doubled. He then called "four Hearts," which was also doubled. After a moment's hesitation he tried "four Spades," which was again doubled.

By this time the veins were bulging in Y's forehead, but Z undeterred called "six Diamonds," and when that was doubled bid "seven Clubs." It was doubled and he re-doubled. He just saved his partner, who had a Yarborough, from a stroke of apoplexy by announcing that he had fourteen cards and there must be a new deal.



ANOTHER CUT IN PRICES By WILSON FLEMING

Orchard Owner (after the thrashing): "There, you young thief! That's a cut for every apple you've had!"
Mathematical Marauder: "Boohoo! No it ain't! You owes me two apples!"

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YOGO HAMA'S HOLIDAY TRAVEL BUREAU.

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

I HAVE received the as follows letter which I think not anybody can read without bursting in tears or other emblems of sorrow. So with not any more words I shall produce same as vizly:

"My dear Sir Yogo:—As thisly year finds me to be very greatly impoverish

"In the wilds of Hampstead"

because of the so wicked stockings and other disgraceless taxings in the £, I cannot afford to raise the requisite winds for spending my August Bank Monday in Nice, Naples or suchly Anglo-British *rendez-vous* (French for spots) as hencetoforely. It being thusly the case, can you purvey any authentic informations to as regards some English watering spots (if any) at not more than 7/6 per the return? No doubtlessly 1,000's of impoverish dukes, earls, barts and other titular Upper 10's who now succeed to live only hands in mouth, would reward you their blessings for performing us these so benignant labours. Hoping you will kindly to impardon these presumptions and enjoy good healths, I Remain yours to obediently command, the Duke of ——"

Alasly, I bemoan, are it not a heart-bleeding spectacular to think of 100's of Id-less Upper 10's Q-ing for excursions which before not so very long ago enjoyed to ride in their Rolls and other fabulous Royces? Indeedly yes, which has caused me to spend innumerous non-sleep hours performing cogitations for how to help these fortunateless 1's till at lastly I succeeded to ejacule *Eureka*! (Greek for Banzai) because an idea had struck my head. How should it be to produce a Yogo Hama's Travel Bureau specially prepared for impoverish Upper 10's who seek to acquire holidays for next to almost nothing? O yes, I declam, that are a frightfully top-holeish idea and shall cause to make Hon. Bystander more priceless as ever. At very enormous pocket expenses I have wrote a prospectus which any reader may receive for free gratis and 10/6 to cover posting stamps. I shall now produce some samples from this so invaluableless *brochure* which also precludes a free insurance for sunstroke, heatbumps, insectivorous bites and cramps in the water for a 100£'s if dead, or 5/- per weekly if succeeded to only decapitate an arm, leg or other legitimate member.

"Interviewing a high official"

HAMPSTEADS HEATH. Persons seeking to enjoy solitudes and suchly gloomish amusements should not do better than make visit this so lovely and desolate oasis. It are very famous for its air which has caused to inspire so great genius persons like as Keats, Constable, Galsworthy, Yogo Hama and suchly world-wide *literati*. Here we may indulge to make sweetish communings with nature or other costless pleasures like as writing odes to nighting and suchly feathered gales. In the wilds of Hampstead there are also liquid deposits replete with fish, tadspoles and other marine sportings. The shooting are well-preserved, and numerous examples of cokernuts, bottles and other native *jauna* may be bagged. The so famous *train rouge* departs itself from Charings Cross at *a* and *p.m.* with not any smoke but only electric sparks. (Note. Passports speedishly obtained from the Y.H. Bureau, also specially prepared guides for modest feeings. Follow the man from Hama's.)

"Upper 10's Q-ing for excursions"

SOUTHEND-SUPER-MARE. The Hon. Director of the now so world-wide Y. H. Bureau has made personal investigatings of this so luscious marine spot which poetic persons have called the Anglo Naples. Interviewing a high official, saidly Hon. Director acquired the following informations as vizly: "Non-doubtfully Southend-Super-Mare may be consider gloomish by Lower 10's and others who seek to enjoy only bands, niggers and suchly proletarian pleasurings. But for select persons it are very *beau ideal* because of its so enormous quietness and other good-breeding virtues. Our marine air, which contains 85.5% of ozone, are

"The Pole are visible in a telescope"

non-equalled and more healthy as a liver pill. We also have made purchase enormous acres of sea which has been specially prepared for non-sinking in, so that persons weighing even tons may succeed to float as corks. At the high tides (which we have arranged at awful expenses) persons may witness to watch the sea with their naked eye." (Write to the Y.H. Bureau for special itinerants, interpreters and guides. Try our Passengers in Advance System and follow the man from Hama's.)

MARGATE-AUX-BAINS. This so ancient and forgotten maritine *terrain* are the *non plus ultra* for a noiseless

"To discover the sauce of the Serpentine"

holiday. Its air contains 100% of ozone and other health salts which has caused it to be called the Naples of Great Britain. Native costumes are still worn, which makes to show how non-sophisticate and spoiltless the simple inhabitants have succeeded to remain. Margate-aux-Bains are directly in front of the North Pole, which it only seperates from by 1 or 2 several 1,000's of miles. On very pure days the Pole are visible in a telescope or other wireless glass which may be purchase for hire at 3d. per 5 minutes. Weak-health persons should non-miss a visit because of the so strong naval air which succeeds to impuncture even moting tyres and is deliciously flavoured with champagne. (Put yourself in Y. Hama's Bureau and save good expenses. Guides supplied in all their branches and families catered. A lady writes: "Since putting myself in your Bureau, I have not put myself in any other." Follow the man from Hama's.)

El Serpentine. Persons seeking to enjoy adventures, hardships and other big games at smallish expenses could not do more better than join Captain Y. Hama's explorings expedition to make discover the sauce of the Serpentine. This saidly sauce has not yet ever been discovered, and should produce great laurels and other fames to persons who succeed to find it. (Write the Y.H. Bureau for menu and vocabulary.)

Trippings to the Wild West. Captain Deadwood Tex Hama (of the Y.H. Bureau) will make to personally conduct tyroes for trips to the so famous Blackfriars and Strand mines on the Rio Thames, also the celebrate Knightsbridge Gulch and other Metropolitan El Doradoes which may now be observed in full swings. Guns, bronchoes, sombreroes and other weapons supplied free gratis. (Home and colonial persons a speciality. Write the Y.H. Bureau for how to spend a happy and expenseless holiday — and follow the man from Hama's.)

This, I flatter to suppose, constitutes to make a very long felt want, also a new era in the history of travel bureaucracy, and should prove enormous blessings to impoverish persons.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, to successfully merit your esteemed orders and that you suffer extremely O. K. healths,

I remain,

Yogo Hama

"Native costumes are still worn"

BY AP. OINTMENT

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WISDEN Tennis Balls still reign supreme through sheer merit. They play perfectly on grass or hard courts and *last three times as long* as ordinary makes. . . . The Wisden "Tournament" Ball recently passed the new L.T.A. tests, and both types are now Officially Authorised.

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MARTIN CHEMIST SOUTHAMPTON

Femina

ON RUNNING A SHOP

By "CANDIDA"

To drop straight into fame without having toiled all through the only days that Providence made worth living would be very nice if it ever happened anywhere except in books. In life the thing's impossible. To be clever isn't easy work. Behind the façade of the house your clever one has built there are many unsuspected mansions where he's worked hard to express himself and has lain awake at nights to find a way of making people listen. No one's born clever; you achieve it by dint of trying, and when it's done it looks so fatally easy that people think there's nothing at all at the back of your handsome façade. Let them try.

Of course most of them don't try, and they give you excellent reasons, entirely adequate to themselves, why it is they're debarred from trying. The world is cumbered with convenient excuses, and the art of making them is the oldest of the arts. Adam, you'll recollect, began it, and I also remember a well-intentioned person long ago who had to bury his dead relations instead of following a live vocation. There are such heaps of good reasons why most of us aren't as brilliant, or, anyway, as useful, as we ought to be. Aren't we always burying some dead inconsequence instead of attending to the live things that matter?

But there are others, others who rush in full of untrained zeal and what's called the fire and ardour of youth. They set out to slay the dragon, knowing nothing of his nasty habits, and all they've got to fight him with is a poor, tin sword of next to no talent at all. At one time they rushed into art, and still more into "literature." It was so easy to write a book before all the best ideas were grabbed—and it's still easy, so they say, and there are still ideas to go round, but I'm beginning to think that it's more distinguished not to write one. The dragon of failure didn't gobble them up, because before things got too serious one married the curate. . . . Or else they went on the stage, and by "went" I mean they took the proper steps which landed them in the back rows of the chorus, when they were lucky. I haven't the slightest idea what happened to them in the last chapter, but I've no doubt they're responsible for the rumour that there's more talent off the stage than on it.

Nowadays we're severely practical, or nothing. Art is long, long-winded, anyway, and doesn't pay the bills, even when you're somebody in Chelsea, or in Hampstead. Why not take off those white kid gloves of "genteelity" and come to grips with life, with trade, for instance, where you can surely pick up a fortune overnight, if the number of new clothes' shops are anything to go by. As a matter of fact, they're nothing to go by. Some of them are just bubbles floating on the sea of a mistaken optimism. It's so easy to run a shop, you know, so the guileless ones will tell you; but I know for a fact that it's much easier not to run one.

I can't imagine how it ever took root and flourished so exceedingly, the idea that almost

Stage Photo Co.

GOING OVER THE TOP

Marion and Martinez Randall, the well-known speciality dancers, as they appear in the second act of "Clo-Clo" at the Shaftesbury Theatre. The lady seems to be giving a "slight impression" of the national emblem of the Isle of Man

any fool can succeed in trade, that it doesn't take any special gifts, nor hard work, nor grit, nor courage, and that all that you need to "take the world by storm" is some capital, a pleasant little shop all cream or grey, with a very feminine name over the door, a few nice dresses and a handful of hats. Even quite sensible people believe that almost anyone can be a Jeanne Lanvin for the trying. And such lots of them try. I'm always hearing remarks like these: "What's Joan done with herself now that she's on her own?" Once upon a time it would have been: "She's writing a book, or touring with So-and-So." Nowadays it's mostly this: "She's started a shop in Mayfair Street. The dear child is so clever and she's got so many friends."

Good luck to her, but it won't be luck if she really turns that cleverness of hers into a productive channel, and, above all, if she succeeds in making money out of her friends. It'll mean, as it always does, that the successes which seem mere luck are built on something much more solid. It will mean, if she persuades her friends to pay her hard cash for her services, that she's a financier and a diplomat rolled into one. For if it's hard to get on as a mere Mrs. Nobody trading as Jeannette of doubtful French origin, with goods about whose Frenchness there's no doubt at all, it's ten times harder to succeed when you're somebody of sorts, and your "creations" are genuinely Parisian and expensive, and your friends are parasitic, and even more expensive, though they're all actuated by the best motives, of course.

This is what the Joans of this world are never told, and wouldn't believe if they were. It looks so easy to succeed when you're clever enough to know the last dress from the one before the last, and can appreciate when a hat is a hat and not an also-ran. But it's not as easy as it seems to share one's *flair* with other people, and to persuade them to pay for it. There's so much solid foundation to the house of trade, and the *flair* art is only the topmost story.

You've got to know not only what you like yourself—that's comparatively unimportant—but what the public likes and why, and when it's going to like it. You've got to foresee what's going to happen the day after to-morrow, and be ready for it. You must be enterprising without being foolhardy, hard-hearted, single-minded and economical; have a head for figures and a constitution. You must be able to laugh at disappointments and endure without bitterness the ingratitude of friends, the indifference of relatives and the cattishness of the whole tribe of women. A tall order, isn't it? On the whole it's easier, and less expensive, anyway, to write a book.

BUSY BRITISH DOGDOM

THE GERMAN SHOP-WINDOW

By "THE KENNELMAN"

CONSIDERABLY more than a hundred Dog Shows will be held in this country during the next few weeks, and more than double that number before the end of what are called the "dog days." Those of the next few weeks will include Swansea, Winchester, Henley, Cambridge, Lancaster, Newquay, Sheffield, Leeds, Portsmouth, Malvern, Carmarthen, Harrogate, Brockenhurst, Anglesey, Isle of Wight, Doncaster, Chester, Eastbourne, Altrincham, Liverpool, etc. And September of the harvest will bring activity in all important Kennels, preliminary to that great function of the year, the Kennel Club's 64th annual exhibition—September 30 and October 1, at the Alexandra Palace. There's no slackness, depression, or unemployment in British dogdom these days.

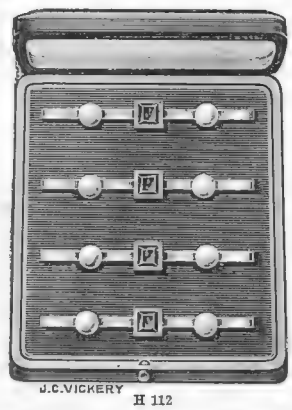
The French Kennel Journal, *L'Eleveur*, has recorded that the sum of three million gold marks has been allocated by the German government for the Republic's military kennels, and that already every German regiment possesses 18 War Dogs. The Russian Army, too, would seem to be well supplied in this respect, Germany providing both the Dogs and their trainers. Mr. G. Horowitz, the well-known Alsatian Wolf Dog authority, announces in *Our Dogs* that the Argentine and Belgium are among countries which are to establish military kennels next year.

Dog-fancying and sport generally seem to be booming in Germany, and, despite the German fanciers' successful industry in pushing their stock in foreign lands, their experts are not blind to the all-round superiority of British-bred Dogs, as is shown by a recent order received from Berlin for an entire pack of 30 Harriers. They know the quality of British Hounds (and, too, of our Airedales and Sheepdogs, for patrol and herding work, etc.), and they naturally don't exactly lament our quixotic neglect of shop-window enterprise—the very inadequate advertisement of our wares, by comparison with their own pushful organization.

"Unsentimental Spinster" (who has been breeding big Dogs for over 20 years) writes from a Devon address, that police court records unfortunately prove cruelty to Dogs and other animals is not yet stamped out of English life, and adds that she wishes to draw attention to one or two rather frequent forms of it that don't carry legal penalties—"though they ought."

Thus: "Over-feeding; irregular, over-rich, and unsuitable feeding; too much confinement—worse on cushions than in sheds or kennels—with irregular and insufficient exercise; the use of the chain—a barbarity, always; entrusting the supposed exercise of canine pets to feather-headed hirelings who don't know, or care, enough to see when a led Dog needs a pause; pampering, the infliction of acute boredom, and stupidly archaic methods of trying to teach such lessons as 'cleanliness.'"

A hint for those who hate any unnecessary use of drugs, but who yet, in spring and summer, find some mild "alterative" desirable: Try giving your Dogs *one day a week*, not more, fresh liver properly cooked, and minced or cut small. They like it, and it likes them well, at this season, but not more than once a week, please; on another day, well-cooked onions, minced. The broth to be obtained from adequate cooking of fish scraps and fish offal will "set" into a finely nutritive jelly, but before "setting" be sure you *strain* carefully.



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Lovely wavy hair, soft and fine as spun silk, awaits the girl who uses Lavona Hair Tonic, the wonder liquid beautifier which not only stops all dandruff, falling hair and greyness, but grows new hair and gives a most delightful waviness. Lavona Hair Tonic contains no harmful ingredients and will not damage the fairest hair. It is ideally suitable for the children's hair.

Stop using hot curling tongs in your quest for wavy hair. You can get a wave by this means, certainly, but your hair will be dried up and ruined by the excessive heat. The quickest, safest and surest way to wavy hair and perfect hair health generally is to use Lavona Hair Tonic—it *cannot* fail. There's a free Shampoo enclosed with every package.

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Lavona Hair Tonic is sold by all chemists at 2/11 and 4/3. Get a package to-day, and if you are not amazed and delighted with the results, send in the guarantee and we will refund your money in full.

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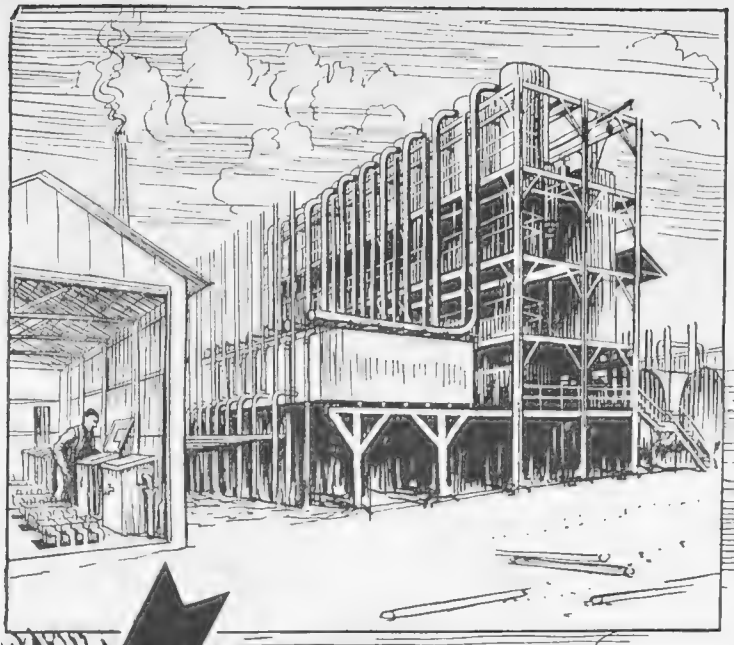

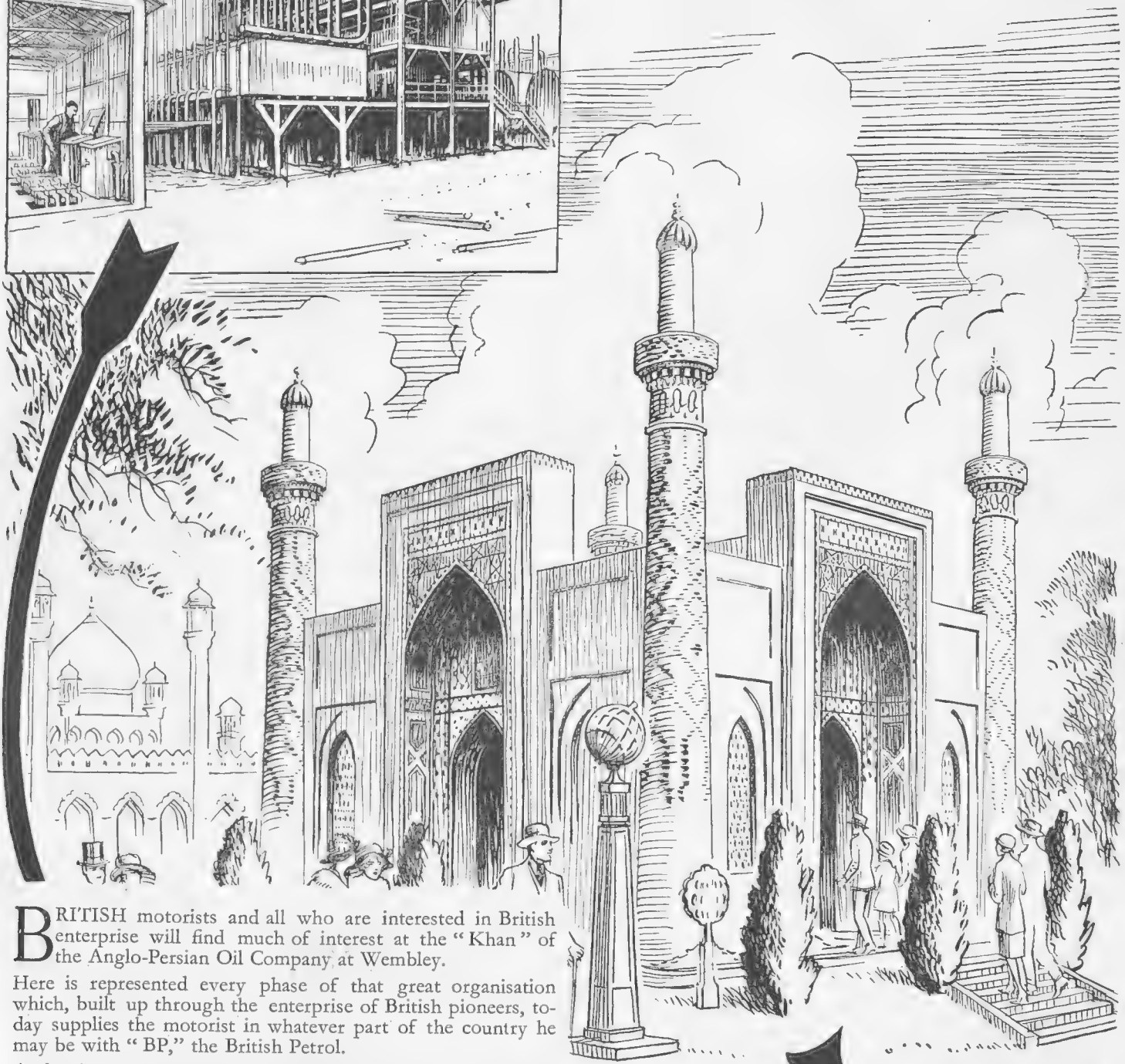

BRITISH motorists and all who are interested in British enterprise will find much of interest at the "Khan" of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company at Wembley.

Here is represented every phase of that great organisation which, built up through the enterprise of British pioneers, to-day supplies the motorist in whatever part of the country he may be with "BP," the British Petrol.

And when you have visualised the drilling of wells, the pumping of crude oil, the long ocean voyage from the Persian Gulf to the great refinery at Llandarcy—when you have considered some of the intricacies of the organisation which delivers "BP" to every town and village throughout the country—then you can see the photographs and the story of the men who have achieved fame in the world of motoring, with the aid of this British Petrol. For in the strenuous test of competition and racing, "BP" has proved itself to be Best as well as British.

The "Khan" is easily found—at the east end of the lake.

C.N. DILLY '25

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MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD

"COMING ABOARD, SIR?"

Many motorists, leaving for a holiday in the Scottish Highlands, now go there by the exceedingly comfortable boats of the Dundee, Perth and London Shipping Co., Ltd. Above is seen a Daimler car being swung aboard the Company's boat the s.s. "Perth" en route for the North

THE most interesting announcement of the past week was that of the Daimler Company, Ltd., of Coventry, who have introduced a new series of models, four in number. The cars are known respectively as the 35-120 h.p., the 25-85 h.p., the 20-70 h.p., and the 16-55 h.p. The first figure represents the approximate Treasury rating of the engine, while the second indicates its approximate maximum power. The new chassis retain the standard features which have proved their reliability throughout such a long period, but these models show in a more marked degree than hitherto the modernising influence which has lately been at work on refinement of detail. Perhaps the most important modification is in regard to the engine. The Silent Knight system of sleeve-valve is, of course, retained, but the sleeves are now light steel forgings, with large port areas, and are used in conjunction with light pistons of a special alloy made in the Daimler foundry.

* * *

ALL the new Daimler chassis, including the 16-55 h.p., have four-wheel brakes, which are characterised in design by the neat way in which the brake is incorporated in the dished hub of the wire wheel. All four brakes can be adjusted simultaneously by turning a single handle accessibly placed under the bonnet. With the exception of the smallest model, all the new Daimlers have four speeds, with centre control. The clutch is of the single plate fabric-lined type on all models, except the smallest, which has a double plate clutch, cork-studied. The final drive is by worm, which has a very fine mechanical efficiency. The new 35-120 h.p. now has a 4-foot 8½ inch track, larger brakes, and 33 by 6.75 inch tyres. These features render this model very well suited to Colonial conditions, and it is a matter of interest that Lord Stonehaven, the new Governor-General of Australia, has bought two of them for use there.

* * *

IT is the ambition of most motorists to undertake a tour in the Highlands of Scotland, but one of the difficulties in the way is that a long and sometimes wearisome road journey has to be undertaken before the touring centre is reached. There is an alternative method of reaching Scotland which one of my colleagues has recently tried with great success. It is to travel by boat from London to the North on the s.s. *Perth*, owned by the Dundee, Perth and London Shipping Company, Ltd. When this method of travel is employed, the car and its passengers are taken by water, both having a restful time, and on arrival the tour can be started straight away. Special facilities are afforded for the transport of cars, while the fares appear to be remarkably reasonable. Should the motorist desire to carry out a Scottish tour without the trouble of taking his own car, the steamship company have arranged several combined steamer and motor tours at reasonable inclusive charges.

* * *

THE record for the Brooklands test hill has again been broken. The length of the hill is just over 352 feet, and record attempts have to be made from a standing start. The average gradient is just over 1 in 5, and the steepest is an official 1 in 4. The successful car was a 12 h.p. A.C., driven by J. A. Joyce. From a standing start he covered the distance in 7.87 secs., thus exceeding 30 m.p.h. from a standing start. With these very fast cars their habit is to take a flying leap off the top of the hill and to come to earth yards further on. I would suggest a new record be instituted for this "long-jump."

* * *

MANY interested in motoring will remember that last year a standard Bean 14 h.p. five-seater touring car created a record by being the first car to cross Australia twice from Sidney to Port Darwin and back. The car used had already a mileage of 14,000 to its credit, yet it went through this journey with a load equal to sixteen adult passengers with the utmost success. This identical car has now added to its laurels. Entered in the recent Land's End to John o' Groats reliability trial, this Bean "Fourteen" came through with flying colours.

* * *

ALTHOUGH we have been blessed with some extraordinarily good weather this season, the car-purchaser is always faced with the difficulty of finding any make of car body which is suitable for all conditions, summer or winter. Good as the all-weather bodies are, some motorists are not entirely satisfied with them, and no real motorist wishes to run about continually, summer or winter, with a heavy coupé body. One of my readers wishes to ask car manufacturers if it has ever occurred to them to construct a chassis with a simple system of bolts and clamps, so that the car-owner may in a few hours alter his car from an open touring body to a closed body with fixed head, just as he changes a summer coat for a winter one. This correspondent suggests that the idea is quite practicable, and that it would be a simple matter to store the body and frame-work while not in use. The nearest approach I know to this suggestion is the body fitted to the "Lambda" Lancia. This can be used as an open touring body with hood, side curtains, etc., but if a totally enclosed car is required, a detachable top with glass windows can be put into place.

* * *

THE latest figures issued by the Ministry of Transport show that nearly 1½ million licences were issued to motor vehicles between December 1, 1924, and May 31, 1925. For the privilege of receiving these licences motorists subscribed to the National Exchequer over £13,500,000. The itemised figures given show that private cars now outnumber motor-cycles, both of them exceeding half a million in number. Commercial goods vehicles in the six months number about 217,000, subscribing nearly £4,000,000 to the Road Fund as compared with nearly £8,000,000 contributed by private motorists. Each successive licencing report which is issued shows a marked increase in practically all classes of motor vehicles. The only two decreases to be noted in the present report is as regards road locomotives and tractors. The poor horse-drawn vehicle is, of course, still dwindling.

IN A PEACEFUL SETTING

A photograph of one of the quaint old streets of the village of Swalcliffe in Oxfordshire. The car is a new 14 h.p. Standard

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Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

SOCIETY with a big S is dissolved. There is no sign of it in the West End. Nevertheless, there are plenty of people about, visitors to our shores, more engaged in sight-seeing than shopping, though a certain amount of interest is accorded the first display of early autumn goods, tweeds for the moors, realistically shown with clumps of heather dotted about, shooting-sticks and guns. Americans are immensely interested in these shop-window shows, and an amusing quarter of an hour can be spent mingling with the crowds listening to the sapient remarks, which are so apt, illuminative and terse.

Travelling Dress

HOW supremely right and appropriate is this to-day. Girls looking the perfection of neatness in simple little jumper suits of kasha or coats and skirts of grey trousering flannel, with either a featherweight silk or crepe de Chine mackintosh for wet weather or dust, or a warm over-checked steamer wrap, everything thoughtfully planned out for comfort and ease, with no tiresome and extraneous superfluities. Truly we live in pleasant times, notwithstanding scares and alarms in the way of strikes.

To all those who are not possessed of quite correct or satisfactory travelling attire, I would draw attention to the original design pictured of a frock. This is fashioned of the new silk alpaca in navy-blue or any colour that appeals to the wearer. It is cool, simple to get into, with nothing of a perishable character to become soiled or dishevelled; boasting, moreover, an attached scarf that can be twisted twice or thrice round the throat, the whole, with neat close pull-on felt hat, comprising an ideal travelling outfit.

A TRAVEL NOTE

A simple yet very smart frock of the new silk alpaca which is most suitable for wear on a journey. It can be fashioned in any colour and is both cool and serviceable

Original designs by Betty Nisbet

A Foreword on Felt Hats

AMONG the imminent matters of interest in early autumn modes are felt and velour hats. These, like the rest of our attire, are gradually but surely changing in character. The tiny inverted pudding-basin shape, with scarcely perceptible brim, is going. Crowns are rather more square in suggestion, while more importance and width is accorded the fronts, deep upturned brims, pinched down at becoming angles, sharp ears or wings of cut felt mounted at arresting angles all assisting to this effect. In a word, much more is being made of the felt hoods and cape lines that are the basis of these chapeaux, the majority having that hand-made appearance.

There promises to be something of a fight between felt and velours for first place, and, so far as it is possible to judge at present, the issue will lie in favour of felt, and these hats, whenever feasible, will match the accompanying suit or dress. Consequently the colour card is considerably augmented, and we find such original nuances as hunter or rifle-green, cranberry, many shades of fuchsia and cyclamen, together with a reddish brown called Praline, and a particularly attractive silvery French grey.

Modistes and milliners alike are determined to dig us out of the rut of beige and fawns, and are also walking determinedly hand-in-hand in emphasising one-colour schemes, actual colours, that is to say, as distinguished from neutral tones. Everywhere and in all directions there is a trend to more shapeliness and a greater subtlety of expression. Dress throughout promises to be cleverer and not so easily imitated, while retaining a simplicity of line and a great feeling for the tailored touch.

Holiday Clothes for Tots

THE younger members of the community are so much in evidence just now that they give one to ponder over their clothes. The recent sales have doubtless left many mothers with short lengths and remnants of gingham, figured cottons, dainty flowered muslins and voiles, that can be fashioned into the prettiest, daintiest frocks for holiday service, and then cast aside without compunction. There is the straight-down tunic frock, with knickers to match, for the beach, and all-in-one frocks for rather older girls, the skirts arranged with inverted side pleats and worn with leather belts. Easy to get into and out of, with nothing superfluous to get into the way or detachable and lost, is the text for working out these holiday outfits.

The chubby baby illustrated, swinging happily, wears a frock and knickers of china-blue and white check gingham, trimmed bands of plain white linen, her slightly older companion displaying a useful wrap-coat of bluey-grey kasha, a sporty little affair with its double-breast fronts and inverted side pleats like the new grown-up models. Up to four years of age, small boys never look better than in shirt breeches that scarcely show below smocks of linen, the smocking carried very deep so that the skirt part stands out in a fascinating, perky fashion.

FOR THE VERY YOUNG

Two attractive designs for holiday wear for those who are still in the nursery stage. The child on the left is wearing a frock and knickers of china-blue and white check gingham, trimmed with bands of plain white linen. The other design shows a wrap-coat of bluey-grey kasha with double-breasted fronts and inverted side-pleats

For the Bath and Toilet

FAR more refreshing and restful than merely lying down after a hard day's pleasuring or work, is a bath in which from one to five tablets of "Pasta Mack" are dissolved. "Pasta Mack," to those who have yet to experience its joys, will come as a revelation. It is delicately perfumed, yet the skin retains the scent for many hours, though that is only one of its many virtues. It also immediately softens the hardest water and, consistently used, has a most beneficial effect on the skin, imparting to the latter a soft, white, velvet-like appearance. The retentive quality referred to is due to a new patent process that is a secret of the producers.

The tablets are put up in small, dainty boxes of eight, and a quarter of a tablet suffices to perfume and soften a large hand-basin of water, or a similar portion is often put into a water-jug at night for use in the morning. In fact, "Pasta Mack" once enjoyed is never forgotten nor willingly foregone.

Beauty and Fashion

TO hand is the latest issue of *Hair-Dressing Illustrated*, that excellent seasonal booklet brought out and

edited by Gaston Emile, Conduit Street, W. Its pages, as usual, touch upon everything pertaining to dress and beauty, articles written by interesting people.

Lilian Braithwaite contributes one entitled, "Beauty's Backgrounds," dealing with good and unbecoming colour schemes. Florence Roberts chats eloquently on coiffures in which she compares the hard shingle and the softer dressing, taking Miss Margaret Bannerman as a text. "The Beauty Cupboard" by a nameless beauty expert, is full of hints, old-world and modern. From cover to finish it makes for pleasant illuminative reading.

From Piccadilly to the Strand Theatre

A NECESSARY change of abode has not in the least affected the success of that screamingly funny farce, *Just Married*, a play that might conceivably be on the doubtful side, but that it is saved every time by consummately fine acting. Redressed for the flitting, Roberta Adams (Dorothy Tetley) makes her first flurried appearance in a charming travelling get-up of pale grey with wing sleeves to the coat, trimmed to match the collar with chinchilla fur. Her slumber suit in the delicate state-room scene is a ravishing affair of tender rose petal pink satin, adorned with soft frills of lace and floral *appliqués*. An adorable *négligée* worn by Dorothy Maitland as Mrs. Jack Stanley is of the same delicate hue in crepe de Chine, this clever, effervescent little lady appearing in the embarkation scene in gladioli-pink cloth trimmed leopard skin—a highly effective alliance. These dresses, by the way, emanate from the *atelier* of Idaire et Cie. Miss Sieveking, as the disturbing little French girl, selects a Péron model of black and white.

"TAKING" SILK

Miss Heather Thatcher, who is playing lead in "Tell Me More," at the Winter Garden Theatre, giving her "St. Margaret" hosiery the "once over." "St. Margaret" hosiery, which can be bought everywhere, is manufactured by Messrs. N. Corah and Sons, Ltd., of Leicester

A Wine of Quality

It is by no means every brand of champagne that can be relied on to appeal to the palate of the great majority of diners. There are certain champagnes—mostly of the non-vintage sort—which remind the discerning drinker all too strongly of the gooseberry wine of his childhood. There are other, and vintage, wines which appeal only to a few. It is interesting to note, therefore, that at the banquet of the first International Congress of Radiology recently held at the Great Central Hotel, the only champagne served to the diners, who numbered over three hundred, was Deutz and Geldermann's "Gold Lack," Vintage 1914. And, what is more, not one single radiologist felt the need of X-raying the contents of the bottles!

A New Liner

A new Royal Mail Steam Packet Company liner, yclept the *Asturias*, was recently launched from Messrs Harland and Wolff's yard at Belfast. This ship, which is of 22,000 gross tonnage, is the world's largest motor liner, and when she is ready will take her place on the South American Mail and Passenger Service. She will be most luxuriously fitted, and will include a first-class swimming bath, a children's play-room laid out on the lines of a Kate Greenaway cottage and garden, and every comfort known to modern construction.

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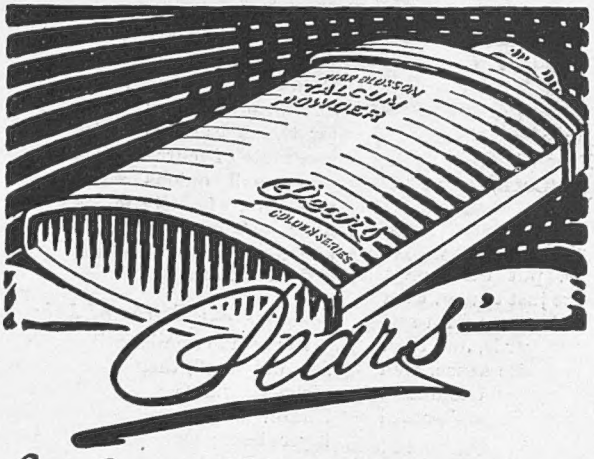

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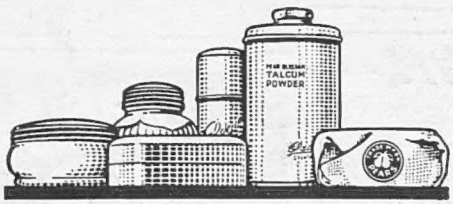

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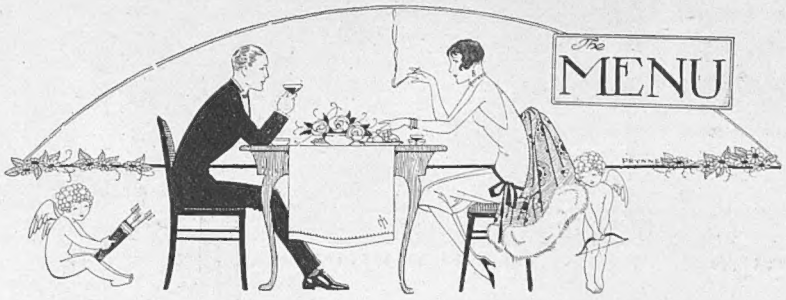

DISHES FOR HOT WEATHER

MAYONNAISE OF EGGS
MOUSSE OF SALMON (ICED)
ICED SAVOURY SOUFFLÉ
ICED CURRY IN CUCUMBER CASES
AN ENTRÉE OF LOBSTER OR CRAY FISH (COLD)
VEAL CUTLETS AND TOMATO SAUCE (COLD)

Mayonnaise of Eggs

SHELL four hard-boiled eggs, and cut them in halves lengthways. Peel and cut four ripe tomatoes in halves, put them on a baking tin and bake them in the oven till they are just tender, then let them get cold. Arrange them on a dish and season with salt and pepper, place half an egg, cut side downwards, on each tomato. Have ready half-a-pint of stiff mayonnaise sauce, well flavoured with tarragon vinegar, and coat the eggs and tomatoes smoothly with it. Decorate the dish with a little cucumber and beetroot, and serve.

Mousse of Salmon (Iced)

Free 1 lb. of cold boiled salmon from skin and bone, and pound it well. Then add to it half-a-pint of hot fish stock which has been stiffened with two leaves of gelatine, and salt and pepper; rub through a sieve. Slightly salt half-a-pint of cream, and whip it and the fish mixture together. Place in a china soufflé dish, smooth the top with a wet knife, and place in a pan of crushed ice for two hours before serving. Serve with cut cucumber.

Iced Savoury Soufflé

This dish can be made of almost any kind of fish, chicken or game; it is excellent with crab. Cut up the crab, or whatever it may be, into very small pieces; let it soak in mayonnaise sauce for two or three hours. Take some well-flavoured aspic jelly and whip it till it is frothy. Put some of this at the bottom of the dish it is to be served in, then place a layer of the crab and fill it up with aspic and crab alternately till the mould is nearly full; place a stiff band of paper round, and fill it with whipped aspic. Put it on ice for two hours, take off the paper and serve.

Iced Curry in Cucumber Cases

Prepare cases of cucumber by cutting off neatly peeled lengths, stamp out in a fluted shape, and hollow out in the centre. Stew gently half-an-hour. Prepare fairly early, and stand on ice, curry for the cases: two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one tablespoonful of curry-powder, one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, two small onions minced fine. Simmer ten minutes, then add ½ lb. of finely minced veal or chicken and simmer half-an-hour. Add a breakfastcupful of milk, and simmer until the moisture is almost absorbed.

An Entrée of Lobster or Cray Fish (Cold)

Line small moulds with aspic. Put in pieces of lobster or cray fish, cut small, then some slices of peeled tomatoes. Pound some picked shrimps with butter and enough aspic to make it set. Season well, and fill up the moulds with the mixture, the top layer being aspic. When quite set, turn out and garnish with mustard and cress and serve with a salad.

Veal Cutlets and Tomato Sauce (Cold)

Remove the bones from the best end of a neck of veal, and let the meat simmer until tender. Place it until cold between two boards, remove all fat and coat each cutlet with mayonnaise and tomato sauce alternately. Place them down the centre of a silver entrée dish and garnish with salad. EMILIA.

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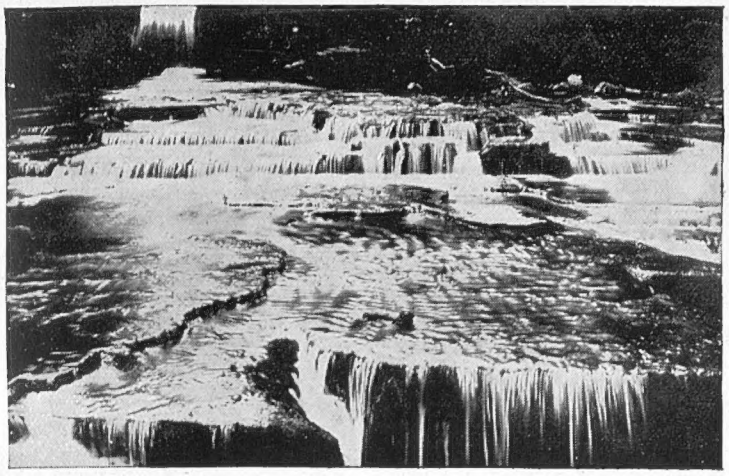

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Further details are set out in an attractive folder map which can be obtained at the principal L M S stations.

Central Wales is always young.

Tiny streams laugh as they scribble their first lessons on the floors of its high valleys, laugh as they play hide-and-seek in the hollows, and laugh with the breath knocked out of them when they drape satin and lace over snarly rocks and tumble headlong downstairs.

The hills of Central Wales are friendly, fields and woods swirl round their feet and up their sides, but they are hills of character too: they whisper in the murmur of a thousand brooks, but they remain silent, noble hills.

The tablelands of Central Wales are the wildest part of all: sheep there look and flee in eloquent abandon, ponies gaze in astonishment through wildly tangled forelocks, a sudden streak of rust and yellow shows the grace and speed of a fox.

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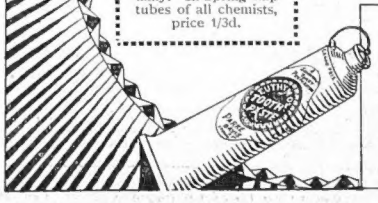

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The Great Hall, Cotehele House, Cornwall.

A Chair-table or Monk's Bench, Early 17th Century.

A Cotehele piece of furniture, the top of which is hinged to tilt forward and form a table. The back of chair or under part of table is beautifully carved. Sometimes these were made with circular backs to form a round table.

Saved by neglect

NEAR five hundred years ago, one Richard Edgcumbe lay hiding at his manor house of Cotehele on the tree-clad Tamar bank. For armed rebellion against his king, Richard III, he had been declared an outlaw. Tracked to his home, Edgcumbe escaped by killing the sentinel guarding his gate, and joined Henry Tudor in France, where he shared in Henry's trials, and later, in his triumph at Bosworth Field. So the fortune of the family was founded, for though Cotehele had an existence dating from the fourteenth century or even earlier, its owners were of small account until Richard Edgcumbe was knighted by Henry VII and made Controller of the Royal Household.

When you pass through the gateway where that sentry was killed, cross the court-yard and enter the weathered grey granite building, you feel you have stepped back five centuries, for Cotehele has hardly changed in character or contents since mediæval days. The whole house is a delight in its complete antiquity. The ancient hall, with its timbered roof quaintly braced, its rough stone walls hung with weapons, armour and trophies of the chase, stone mullioned windows diamond-paned, gives a wonderful picture of the home life of early Tudor times.

From the 17th century Cotehele was more or less deserted as a habitation in favour of a newer house at Mount Edgcumbe, becoming just a depository for discarded tapestries and unfashionable furniture. Strangely enough this very indifference to the charms of Cotehele has been the means of preserving a veritable treasure house for the pleasure of posterity. Due appreciation for age and intrinsic quality was more quickly shown when John Haig Scotch Whisky was produced three hundred years ago, with the result that this famous whisky is now a world-wide favourite.

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